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BRIDGE OVER NICOLET RIVER, P.Q.

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TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 10th, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1876.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.. 34°	26°	30°		Mon.. 46°	30°	38°	
Tues.. 33°	20°	26°	5	Tues.. 36°	13°	29°	5
Wed.. 35°	23°	29°		Wed.. 30°	21°	25°	5
Thur.. 34°	14°	29°		Thur.. 33°	24°	28°	5
Frid.. 40°	26°	33°		Frid.. 35°	25°	30°	
Sat... 47°	35°	41°		Sat... 36°	25°	30°	5
Sun... 56°	42°	49°		Sun... 39°	30°	34°	5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 15, 1879.

THE North-West Territories are about to organize a volunteer corps. This will give a relief to the over-worked Mounted Police.

THE latest revenue returns still show a large increase. A few months more of the same sort and all fears of a deficit will have vanished.

THE latest is that specimens of fine bituminous coal have been discovered on the Souris River near the North-West boundary line.

THE next move in the BEACONSFIELD policy is the virtual jurisdiction of Britain over Asia Minor through the appointment by the Porte of an English Commissioner.

MR. BLAKE is out for West Durham. Who is the presumptuous man who will court defeat by opposing him? If, however, the honourable gentleman could be defeated, it would be a death blow.

THE Financial Minister deserves credit for the practical interest which he takes in visiting our manufactories in different towns. This contact with representative commercial classes is the best means of learning their wants and perfecting his policy.

THE Supreme Court has decided that Provincial Governments have no right to confer the dignity of Queen's Counsel. The decision will be abided by, spite of the resistance of an influential journal, for it cuts the root of one of our most flagrant political abuses.

Mr. CHAPLEAU is reported to have announced in his speech at Levis, that the way in which he proposed to raise money for the needs of the Provincial Government is by the sale of the North Shore Railway to the Federal Government. This line would certainly very properly form a part of the Dominion system, if the Government have means to buy it. And it is clear that such a purpose would help the local Government out of great difficulty. It is rumoured that the Province is nearly three quarters of a million behind hand. Of course we shall very soon find out what truth there is in this.

THE ENGLISH DELEGATES.

We learn from a correspondent at Ottawa, that a paragraph which is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Messrs. GALLEY & COX, two of the English delegates, had bought land in Minnesota, instead of in the North West of Canada, is entirely an error; that is in as far as the "delegate" character of these gentlemen is concerned. Very likely many persons have bought land in Minnesota, and some of these may be named COX & GALLEY; but they are not among the delegates invited by the Government to visit Canada for the information of farmers in the United Kingdom. We have reason to believe that the impressions of those delegates who have visited Manitoba, are in the highest degree favourable, and that one of them, viz. Mr. SNOW, of Glasgow, has bought a farm of 640 acres for his son. It is understood another of them will send his son out next year.

We understand that four of the delegates returned by the *Sardinian*, and that they took back with them very favourable impressions of the country. Our correspondent informs us, that they will, in the first place, report to their constituents; and it will therefore be some time before we can receive a detailed account of their observations. Only a part of those who came, went to Manitoba, after going through parts of Quebec and Ontario. We understand the opinions of part of them, at least, are decidedly in favour of Manitoba, although it may very well be doubted whether the conditions of life on the Western wilds, will be altogether so well suited to the tastes and habits of English Tenant Farmers, as some of the older settled portions of the Dominion, notwithstanding the undoubted wealth of the virgin soil of the prairie.

Several of the delegates sail by the *Peruvian* this week. Three or four yet remain in the country.

THE NEW QUEBEC CABINET.

We have to accept the Ministry of Mr. CHAPLEAU as a fact. The questions that preceded and accompanied it are now no longer under discussion. They may turn up again soon or later or they may not, but for the present they are absorbed in the advent of the new Government. Had the election of the Ministers been made a strong point of contestation, things might possibly have taken a different turn, but at the present writing it appears that these elections will proceed very quietly and therefore the existence of the Cabinet seems secure. This being the case, it behooves us all to make the most of it, and leaving party issues aside, endeavour to draw the greatest possible advantages from the actual circumstances. First and foremost let us have peace. The war of the past twenty months, with all the mistakes that were committed on both sides, and the angry passions that have had free scope, has played havoc with the Province leaving it in such a pitiable financial condition as must give rise to the fullest misgivings. From all appearances the Provincial Exchequer is well nigh in a bankrupt condition and a remedy must be speedily applied. This will require not only statesmanship, but patriotism; not only ability, but a Spartan purity of administration. In his late speech at Levis, when he had announced his programme,

Mr. CHAPLEAU declared that it would be his aim to make his Government one of pacification. We trust that he will be able to realize this ideal in its broadest and deepest sense. This is the opportunity of his life. He has it in his power to show that he is more than a politician. His great abilities no one questions. That he has it in his power to do good to his native Province, as well as achieve an enduring name for himself is equally certain. He has been a terribly abused man, and as he himself has publicly admitted, he has committed blunders which have seriously militated both against his usefulness and his reputation. But the people are generous and quick to condone mistakes on the face of honourable patriotic service. So soon as the elections are over, we expect to see him and all his Ministers settle down to hard work, smothering animosities, eschewing petty reprisals, and busying themselves with facts and figures instead of with nominations of friends or the dismissal of enemies. The railway must absorb attention first. If M. CHAPLEAU can negotiate its sale to the Federal Government, he will at once set the Province on its feet and achieve a master stroke of policy. Mr. ROBERTSON will have to go over the treasury as a cashier does over the accounts of a sinking bank, forcing economies and insisting on dues from municipalities and other sources. We venture this prediction that, if in the next six months, the new Government can convince the country that they are hard at work in obtaining something like a balance-sheet, they will meet with cordial support, irrespective of party. They will thus secure their own continuance in office at the same time that they will confer a public benefaction.

LORD LORNE'S DESPATCH.

The despatch of the Marquis of LORNE to the Imperial Government, giving his view of the LETELLIER matter, is not the least notable of the *pièces pour servir*. In one sense this question may fairly be classed among the things that were; but the documents which are now appearing will probably yet give rise to much political discussion when the Canadian Parliament meets in February next. The despatch before us clearly establishes that Lord LORNE was not only personally averse to the dismissal of Mr. LETELLIER; but refused to accede to it, when he was advised thereto by Sir JOHN MACDONALD, acting in accordance with a formal decision of the Cabinet. It is plain that a situation of this sort was of the greatest seriousness, and actually pregnant with a ministerial crisis. This was well averted by the reference to England, a step which was taken by an advice subsequently tendered by Sir JOHN MACDONALD; and, in view of all the circumstances, most considerably tendered. We say, considerably, because a crisis of such a nature must have placed Lord LORNE, as well as the Princess, in a very unpleasant position. Perhaps a Minister might have been found who would have assumed constitutional responsibility for the act of His Excellency; but the Minister might not have been successful, and certainly he would have had to go to the country with some very curious issues for a Reformer. It is morally certain in fact, that he would not have been able to sustain himself in face of the discussion which would have arisen on the elementary principles of responsible Government; and we have here one of the reasons for the mild, and carefully covered up snub, contained in the despatch of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, in reply.

There is a further incidental point we may notice here which may probably come to be a subject of altercation in the Canadian House of Commons; and that has reference to the form of words used by Sir JOHN MACDONALD. We have in this despatch proof of the fact that His Excellency and Sir JOHN agreed upon a statement to be made to the House to the effect that the reference was made to England by

the advice of the Ministers, in order to settle a precedent, there being none. The refusal of His Excellency to accept the advice as first tendered, was therefore, constitutionally, inchoate; and it is only fair that several of the expressions used by Sir JOHN in the House, should be explained by the light of this fact. The first advice tendered, was, strictly speaking, pending, not refused, whatever may be the popular interpretation of the position; and this is further proved by the fact that it was accepted after the despatch of the Colonial Secretary came.

Lord LORNE's despatch contains this rather striking passage: "He (Mr. LETELLIER) would be dismissed, although the responsibility of the act for which he has been censured by the present Dominion House of Commons, has been assumed by his Minister, Mr. JOLY, who with his colleagues has been able to carry on the Government of the Province since the Provincial elections which took place in the summer of last year. To dismiss the Lieut.-Governor for acts for which Mr. JOLY has declared himself responsible to the Provincial Legislature, is a new exercise of the Federal power." We have here clearly and strongly put the one point on which the action of the Government may be, and in fact, already has been, attacked by Mr. MACKENZIE, from the side of the Provinces. But of course those who prefer the centralizing of the Government as much as possible, will care very little for attacks of this sort. Times, however, may come, in which the French Conservatives of the Province of Quebec, who so vigorously pushed their point to the bitter end, may find in this fact an awkward precedent. When a piece of a political fortification has once been broken down, it cannot be rebuilt in the same way as before.

THE NEW QUEBEC CABINET.

HON. JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU,

Premier and Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, was born at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, Terrebonne, on the 9th November, 1840, his ancestors having come from France and settled early in the seigniory of Terrebonne. He was educated at the College of Terrebonne, and married on the 24th November, 1874, Marie-Louise, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel King, Brigade Major, Sherbrooke. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1861, and was created a Q.C. in 1873. He is a director of the Laurentides Railway Company and of *Le Crédit Foncier du Bas Canada*. He is a professor of Laval University, criminal jurisprudence, in the section established in Montreal, and was a member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General from 27th February, 1873, until 8th September, 1874, when he resigned with his chief, Mr. Ouimet. He was appointed Provincial Secretary and Registrar on 27th January, 1876, which position he held until the dismissal of the Government. At the general elections of 1872, he contested Verchères unsuccessfully, and was returned to Parliament for Terrebonne by acclamation at the general elections of 1867, being re-elected by acclamation at general elections of 1871 on subsequent appointment to office, again in 1875, and also on second appointment to office. Last year the hon. gentleman was again elected, and unanimously chosen to lead the Opposition in the Assembly. Mr. Chapleau is admittedly one of our ablest public men, displaying a breadth of statesmanship which is bound to raise him, sooner or later, to the highest position in the country. As a born orator he has no superior in the whole Dominion.

HON. JOSEPH GIBB ROBERTSON,

Provincial Treasurer, is a son of the late Rev. James Robertson, for thirty years pastor of the Congregational Church at Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and subsequently of Sherbrooke, P.Q. He was born at Stuartfield and educated in Canada. He married in 1870, Mary J., eldest daughter of A. G. Woodward, Esq., of Sherbrooke. He is President of the Quebec Central Railway, of the Sherbrooke Mutual Insurance Company, and of the Sherbrooke Agricultural Society. He was Secretary-Treasurer of the County of Sherbrooke from the establishment of County Councils till the present system of Township Councils came into operation; was Mayor of Sherbrooke for some years, and President of the Quebec Temperance League in 1870-71. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council, 25th October, 1869, and was Provincial Treasurer of Quebec, from that date until September, 1874, (when he retired from the Government on the land swap case), was re-appointed Treasurer in Mr. DeBoucherville's Administration, on the 22nd September, 1874, and continued as such until 20th January, 1876, when he resigned. He

was a delegate to England on public business in 1874, and was first returned to Parliament for Sherbrooke, his present seat, at the general elections of 1867. He was re-elected by acclamation on his appointment to office, again at the general elections of 1876, and again last year. Mr. Robertson is an experienced and practical financier, and his previous administration of the Provincial Treasury gives promise of successful work in the present difficult straits of the Exchequer.

HON. J. J. ROSS,

President of the Council, represents the Division of Shawinigan, is the son of G. McIntosh Ross, Esq., of St. Amos, formerly a West Indian merchant, by Marie Louise Gouin, and was born at St. Amos. He is a physician and surgeon, and a Governor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada; is also Surgeon of the 1st Battalion Champlain Militia, President of the Champlain Agricultural Society and a member of the Agricultural Council of Quebec. He was elected Vice-President of the North Shore Railway Company in 1875. He was a member of the Executive Council of Quebec, and Speaker of the Legislative Council from 27th February, 1873, to August, 1874, when he resigned; he was re-appointed on the 27th January, 1876, and retained the position until the dismissal of the Government in 1878. He sat for the Canada Assembly from the general elections in 1861 until the Union, when he was returned to the House of Commons and Local Assembly. He resigned his seat in the latter on his appointment to the Legislative Council in 1867. He continued to represent Champlain in the House of Commons until the general elections of 1874, when he retired. During the political crisis just ended, it was Dr. Ross who led the Council in their refusal to vote the Supplies.

HON. LOUIS ONESIME LORANGER,

Attorney-General, is a son of the late Mr. Joseph Loranger by Marie Louise Dugal, and is a brother of Hon. Mr. Justice Loranger late of the Superior Court. The hon. gentleman was born at Ste. Anne d'Yamachiche, P.Q., on the 10th April, 1837, and was educated in Montreal. He married on the 3rd October, 1867, Marie Annie Rosalie, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Laframboise, by Marie Rosalie Dessaulles. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1858, and has been a member of the Council of the Bar of Montreal, and an alderman of the city for many years. He is Vice-President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and was elected President of the Special Committee appointed to superintend the grand national demonstration in 1875. He was first elected to Parliament for Laval at the general elections of 1875, and returned at the general elections of 1878 by acclamation. For some time past Mr. Loranger has acted in the House as first lieutenant of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, late Opposition leader. Mr. Loranger is essentially a "sympathetic" man, of refined manners, genial culture, a fine speaker and powerful debater. Throughout the late crisis he was Mr. Chapleau's trusted henchman.

HON. WILLIAM WARREN LYNCH,

Solicitor-General, is of Irish parentage, and was born at Bedford, P.Q., 30th September, 1845. He was educated at Stanbridge Academy, Vermont University, and at McGill University, at which latter institution he took the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal for proficiency in Roman Law, and graduated B.C.L., 1868. He married 25th May, 1874, Ellen Florence, eldest daughter of J. C. Pettes, Esq., of Knowlton. Called to the Bar of Lower Canada June, 1868. He was editor of the *Observer* (Cowansville) for a short period; and has held the Presidency of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec. First returned to Parliament for present seat by acclamation at general election, 1871; re-elected by acclamation at general election 1875, and again returned at last general election; a Conservative. Mr. Lynch is Mayor of the Township of Biome and Warden of the County, and an universal favourite. He is a man of moderation, fairness and excellent judgment, besides being an eloquent speaker.

HON. EDMUND JAMES FLYNN, LL.D.,

Commissioner of Crown Lands, has represented in Parliament the County of Gaspé. His parents, on the paternal side, are of Irish descent, but born in Gaspé. On the maternal side they are from Guernsey. Father's name, James Flynn, trader and farmer; mother's, Elizabeth Fortevin. He was born 16th November, 1847, in Percé, shiretown of the County of Gaspé, and educated in the Quebec Seminary. He married, 11th May, 1875, Augustine Côté, daughter of Augustin Côté, editor of the *Le Journal de Québec*. Graduated as LL.B. at Laval University, 30th June, 1874. Called to the Bar 15th September, 1873. Received title of LL.D. from Laval University, 15th May, 1878. Has been Professor of Roman Law in the Laval University since 1874. Has been a practicing attorney before Quebec Bar since his admission to the Bar. Although new to public life, Mr. Flynn has already displayed capacity and influence, while his moderation is a pledge of administrative efficiency.

HON. ETIENNE THEODORE PAQUET.

Provincial Secretary, was born at St. Nicholas, Levis, on the 8th January, 1850. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, at Fordham College, New York, and at Laval University.

Mr. Paquet is unmarried. He is President of the *Club Canadien*, Quebec, and was first returned for Levis at the general elections of 1875 and again last year. He is by profession a notary. Mr. Paquet is the youngest man of the Ministry, but it is said by those who know him to possess both talents and strength of character.

We may remark that the order of numbers used in the portraits of the Ministers was only for convenience and has no bearing on their relative rank in the Cabinet. We may also add that we are indebted for the photographs to our friend, Mr. C. W. Massiah, of Quebec, whom we desire to thank for his zeal and promptness in forwarding them to us.

A SUNDAY TALK.

I have been to hear my old friend Augustus Softleigh, D.D., and at the close of the service I lingered for him at the church door. I do not regularly wait upon the means of grace as provided at Softleigh's establishment; I am connected with another denomination. Our religious views differ; I consider myself quite orthodox, and can prove it from the Bible. Softleigh is also orthodox; and he can prove his position from the Bible. The probabilities are that one of us is mistaken; perhaps both. Singular, is it not, how we can prove so many different theories from the same text-book—to our own satisfaction? There is a great deal in that wonderful book the Bible. And yet, I am afraid when we go to it, we carry a good many of our own notions with us; and then persuade ourselves we found them all there.

But though Softleigh and I cannot fellowship with each other to any great extent in spiritual matters, we have a charitable pity for each other's heresies; and each hopes the other will be converted before he gets to Heaven—or very soon after—so that our earthly friendship may be continued over the river. And then we used to go to school together long since, where he stole my cake, pretending it was some of his own he had accidentally left in my trunk, and I broke his head with a stone aimed at a runaway "yaller dog"; so that our souls became knit together about as closely as two souls of the same sex can ever be made to knit. For this reason I go to hear Softleigh preach occasionally; and am prepared to maintain that his preaching is as good as can be obtained in the neighbourhood from any other man outside the true church. And Softleigh has been heard to admit that I am considerably better than the creed I profess. From these indications it may be judged that our relations are on as charitable a basis as could be expected.

But to return to our sheep. I waited for Softleigh this Sunday referred to; and slipped my arm through his as he came out of the door. "Come with me," I said; "you have been telling us about the blessedness of returning good for evil, and I declare myself a believer in your doctrine. You gave me a sermon; come and I will give you a dinner."

A deprecatory smile stole over his face for a moment. Clergymen never heartily sympathize with any joking on their professional performances—on the part of the laity. Next door to blasphemy, they seem to think it which encouraged, might lead to unpardonable sins. But he did not decline my invitation to dinner. The superintendent of my domestic affairs takes pride in her *cuisine*; and Softleigh has been there before. He professes to have conscientious scruples against fasting and mortification of the body, which he thinks savors too much of Rome. But I am inclined to the belief that it is part of his nature to enjoy a good dinner. I like him all the better for it. I prefer a clergyman who has a good taste as well as a good appetite; who can appreciate a properly prepared meal, and has a slight tendency towards that exercise to which the French give the untranslatable title of *gourmandise*. There is a breadth of sympathy and a warmth of charity about such a man that you do not always find in a pale-faced, attenuated despoiler of gastronomic pleasures. But this is a digression. Perhaps I may relate some day a conversation I once had with my clerical friend on the relation which the stomach bears to religion.

We turned our faces homeward, but said little to each other on the road; for many of Softleigh's flock went that way; and there were elderly sheep to whom a kindly word was due; and pretty little lambs who lingered for the accustomed little pat; not to mention a few of the black-fleeced, crooked-horned variety who might not be overlooked. But as we sat comfortably in our easy-chairs, waiting for the music of the dinner bell, Softleigh mildly turned my thoughts towards the proper subject for the day. What did I think of the sermon? And how did I enjoy the service?

With most people the unwritten laws of society would have required me to go into raptures in response to such questions, but Softleigh and I know each other too well to dull our consciences with telling fashionable lies; and generally speak our minds plainly. What did I think of the sermon? Up to the average; quite correct doctrine neatly expressed; advocating what everybody believes. How did I enjoy the sermon? Not particularly well. Had a drowsy sensation over me tempting me to slumber, while at the same time the seats were not arranged with a due regard to sleeping accommodation. No man who has a proper regard for his own dignity cares to go to sleep sitting up straight in a church pew, and have his

head bob over uncomfortably and ungracefully every few minutes. It is impossible thoroughly to enjoy a religious service under such circumstances. Why don't the manufacturers of church furniture invent some kind of an easy-chair for religious purposes in which a man—or a woman—can recline gracefully and slumber comfortably? I wonder if they could not get up some kind of a patent attachment for the back of the pew, with a soft-cushioned movable rest, which could be fixed at the proper angle to suit the weary head of the worshipping, who could thus place himself in a dignified posture, close his eyes to all distressing earthly objects, compose his mind to holy thoughts, and sleep the sleep of the just?

Softleigh seemed to feel rather sorry; not that I could not go to sleep comfortably, but that I wanted to sleep at all. Had tried not to be dull and wearisome, he said.

Of course not; I was not finding fault with either the matter or the manner of the preacher. But people will get drowsy sometimes—even under the best preaching.

Yes, Softleigh said; there was the case of Eutychus. What a consolation that was to preachers! If men would go to sleep under the ministrations of Paul, they would go to sleep anywhere. When clergymen thought of this poor youth, they could look on a sleepy congregation with equanimity.

So I had heard. But the case ought to be equally consoling to those who have conscientious scruples against sleeping in churches—if any such there be—and yet are occasionally overcome with drowsiness. If Eutychus did tumble down from the gallery and bump his head badly, he came round all right again, and neither Providence nor Paul seemed to be very angry. But it is quite easy for a person to go sleep under a good minister; and neither minister nor sleeper be to blame in the matter. The sexton is the offender; he has not ventilated the church properly. Carbonic acid makes people drowsy; and all the preachers in Christianity cannot keep a man wide awake when the bright red blood in his arteries takes on a dusky hue and begins to bathe his brain with its nepenthe. The average sexton knows only one way of ventilating a building, and that is to open doors and windows wide and let the wind and sunshine beat full upon the unfortunate congregation. There are two alternatives of discomfort for most church-goers on a hot summer day: either to have the place closed up tightly, with only the minimum of fresh air, or else to have it all open to the hot sun, and no less hot breeze. It is just as impossible to have a room comfortable when the hot air is coming in freely and turning it into a furnace, as it is to have no air coming in at all. The sexton who understands how to exclude the sunshine on a sweltering day, how to let cool fresh air in through the basement, and turn the respired air of the room and through the ceiling is a jewel; and deserves a bigger salary than the leader of the quartette choir.

I must not praise up the sexton too highly, did you say; He will begin to think himself as important a personage as the preacher in the summer time; will he? I don't know but what I consider him that myself; all depends on who the preacher might be. But I certainly rank him high in the list of church officials. And not in summer time only. Winter is the season in which he can exercise his talents to even greater advantage than in the summer. In summer people do not expect much in church; and as a rule they are not disappointed. But winter is the time when both pulpit and pew try to do the best work and make the best appearance. Now, on a moderately cold day things may be passably comfortable; but when a Sunday morning comes with the thermometer down so low that it seems as if it would never be able to get up again; and the wind blowing around the street corners as though it had just arrived in a great hurry from Greenland's icy mountains, and was looking about for a cheap boarding-house; and John Frost standing outside your door waiting to catch hold of your nose the moment that useful member of your corporation makes its appearance; then, the average church may be the gates of paradise for a polar bear, but it freezes the religion out of humanity.

You have not been in the habit of considering temperature as a means of grace? Well, you should. In these days a comfortable church buildings tends to godliness more than a long sermon or a loud prayer. The devout worshipper may have an inward spiritual fire burning at a white heat, while his body is shivering in a cold church. He may; for everything is possible in these—mostly everything at least. But he is more likely under such circumstances to think of his present state than his future; and to incline to the belief that he is getting his full share of punishment now. And then, what kind of eloquence can the preacher display as he gazes upon a freezing audience, with blue lips and pinched noses, and watery eyes; when all the while a frosty vapor of ascending breath accompanies his own utterances, and he can almost feel the words dropping in icicles from his lips, until he begins to fear that he will soon find himself standing up to the knees in his own congealed eloquence—as somebody once said about an orator up North? A congregation will wait and pray a long time for a revival in an ice-house. All the available spiritual fervor in such cases is needed to antidote frost-bites.

Here Softleigh wanted to know if I ever thought how our great, great grandfathers used to sit out patiently a three-hours' sermon on a

freezing day with not a particle of artificial heat inside the church doors.

Thought of it? Of course I have; and felt very sorry for them. No wonder the milk of human kindness often froze in the veins of steady church-goers in those days. But while I sympathize with my unfortunate ancestors, that is no reason why I should voluntarily suffer all the ills to which circumstances compelled them to submit. They had no railroads, telegraphs, gas works, water works, political conventions, book agents and such like luxuries that we enjoy. Let us pity their misfortunes, and be thankful that there is no necessity for us to put ourselves in their places.

There is a close connection between grace and temperature; and there is an intimate relation between the preacher and the sexton. The one looks after the spiritual; the other the temporal. But a proper attention to the temporalities of a church has considerable to do with its spiritual prosperity. In this way the sexton may be nearly as important a personage as the preacher. His place is to see that the seats are kept clean; that the exhausted tobacco quids deposited on the floor and the dust shaken off the feet of the congregation are properly removed; that the ventilation is properly attended to in summer and the fires kept burning briskly when the thermometer is down among the zero figures. You will notice that no matter how lively a revival may be going on in a church your first-class sexton never takes an active part in the spiritual exercises. Amid all the enthusiasm that surrounds him; amid the loud "allelujahs" and the earnest "amens," unmoved by the eloquence, the fervor of prayer, and the jubilation of praise, he moves calm and cool—picking up the scattered books, arranging the disordered seats, stirring up the fire, regulating the gas, and looking after the temporalities generally. You might think from his appearance that he cared for no man's soul nor woman's either; and yet he may be as tender-hearted and as spiritual-minded as the liveliest deacon in the place. But he knows his business, and attends to it; leaving other people to attend to theirs. It is his place to keep the church clean and comfortable; and he knows that if he does not do his whole duty, the institution will not be a success. Godliness will not flourish in a pig-pen; religious zeal will not burn bright in an ice-house; piety goes to sleep in an ill-ventilated room. I lay down a rule here, that you will find has few exceptions in this nineteenth century: Where the temporal comfort (not luxuries) of a religious society are disregarded the spirituality of the people is either of a stunted or a crooked growth.

Let us be thankful! cried Softleigh; here comes the summons to the dining-room. You promised to return good for evil by giving me a dinner for my sermon; but you have compelled me first to listen to a little sermonizing of your own!

And I should not be surprised if there was some ground for my friend's reproof.

C. T. C.

London, Ont., October, 1879.

HUMOROUS.

THE New York *News* denominates amiability as "gilt edged politeness."

THE latest toast: "Drink this an' ye'll never die, but pine away like a daisy."

AMONG the other well disguised blessings that Adam and Eve escaped was the book agent.

A MISSOURI doctor paid a patient 402 visits and squared the bill for a barrel of cider and a load of bricks.

THE latest invention is a flat candle. The baby can be spanked with it without extinguishing the light.

SMYTHEKIN's idea of window gardening is to sit in the window and watch other people do the gardening outside.

"If you do not want to be robbed of your good name," says the *Minneapolis Tribune*, "don't have it printed on your umbrella."

AN exchange says: "The Queen of Greece is a charming conversationalist." Except, we suppose, when the King refuses to get up and build the fire.

WHEN Douglass Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that always carried him away when he heard it, Jerrold kindly asked if some one present would please to sing it.

THE woman who can pretend to slip and sit down suddenly on her back hair when she drops it on the street, possesses a coolness that would render it invaluable to an ice company.

SOME anonymous wretch ventilates the opinion that if the women of the land would do without ribbons they would save nearly fifteen million dollars to help out the men in having cigars.

A GODLY person complained to an elderly person of his congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles or worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things; but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

A LETTER, addressed as below, was sent to the New Haven post-office, one of the localities where Postmaster-General Key's "misdirection order" was a peculiar injustice:

Mr. Enos A. Hale,
Asistant Postmaster,
250 Orchard street,
New Haven,
City of New Haven,
Town of New Haven,
County of New Haven,
State of Connecticut,
United States of America,
Western continent,
Planet earth,
Solar system,
Universe.



RAVINE OF THE NICOLET RIVER BELOW NICOLET BRIDGE.

FARWELL'S MILL ON NICOLET RIVER ABOVE THE BRIDGE.

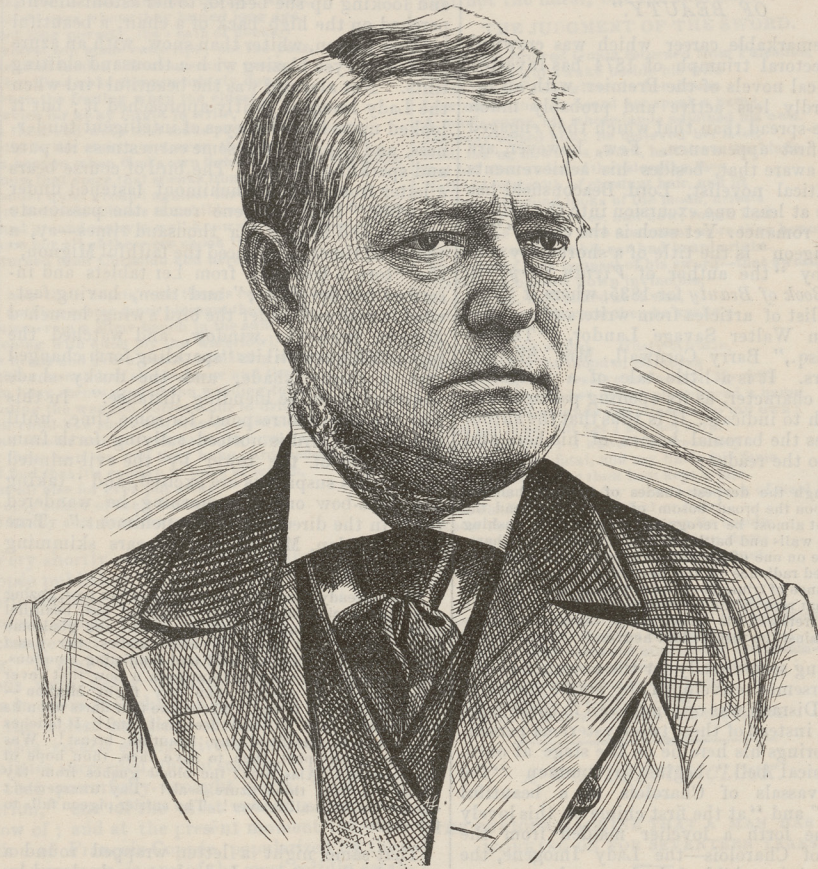
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. T. BARRAUD, KINGSEY FALLS.

THE LATE ANDREW WILSON.

We publish herewith a portrait of a gentleman who was for many years associated with our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald* of this city, and who, in more senses than one, did honour to the profession of journalism.

The late Mr. Wilson was born near Edinburgh, in 1822, and came, with his family, in 1834, to Montreal, at that time a very small city. In 1836 he first came to the *Herald* office in a very subordinate capacity; but, by his industry, probity, and intelligence, gradually secured for himself a leading place in its management. After the retirement, from the editorial control, of Mr. Thom, and the subsequent death of Mr. Robert Weir, jun., the concern fell into the hands of Mr. Weir, sen., and of the late Mr. David Kinnear. But a year or two after, in 1847, Mr. Weir retired, and his shares in the property were purchased by Messrs. Wilson, Potts, and Penny. Since that time Mr. Wilson was a proprietor of the paper, under different changes of the firm, and latterly as a shareholder in the Company to which it now belongs. Mr. Wilson married Miss Esther Matthews in 1852, and leaves four children. A writer in the *Herald*, well-known to have been the veteran colleague of the deceased, says: We do not attempt any praise of one whose character has been so highly esteemed by all that was best in the city of Montreal. But the writer cannot refrain from paying to the memory of a dear and valued friend the last tribute of affection. Associated with him intimately in business and social relations for thirty-five years, knowing as much of his friend's mind as perhaps it was ever given to one man to know of the mind of another, he never heard him utter an unworthy sentiment, and believes him to have been utterly incapable of an unworthy or an ungenerous action, while his amiability was such, that during that long period, sometimes in very trying circumstances, no word of unkindness ever escaped him. It is a rare blessing to have such a friend.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 325.—THE LATE ANDREW WILSON,
OF THE MONTREAL "HERALD."

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESPECT CHILDREN.—Parents and other persons, though having at heart the good of children, are very apt to be heedless of what they say in the presence of the young ones, whose minds and hearts catch the hue of every sentiment expressed. They talk on, and the child is seemingly engaged in its play, but words and statements then made come up days after, when perhaps the conversation is forgotten, wonderfully fresh from the child's lips. Its mind has been revolving what is heard, for good or evil.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.—The self-made man starts at the bottom. He not only has to learn by himself how to ascend the steep and rugged stairs before him, but he has to rack his brain how to construct the stairs themselves by which he shall ascend. Hence he understands more accurately than another all the conditions of success. His attention becomes more fixed. His thoughts are habitually concentrated on whatever he undertakes. His judgment is matured by the necessity imposed upon him for its constant exercise. He is wary and watchful, and robust in all his being, as the gymnast by constant exercise excels in the development of muscle.

PAIN.—The great tender power which rules the universe uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow, never attacks us behind our backs, never digs pitfalls or lays ambushes, never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws; plainly she writes her warnings; tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labours. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her caution-signals to "go slow."



CAMPING GROUND AT RIVER AU SABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. W. CHRISTOPHERSEN.

"THE LORD MAYOR OF YORK TO HIS BROTHER NED."

One day,—no matter what the date,—
The unrelenting hand of Fate,
An uncommercial traveller took
Sans sample case and order-book
To York, whose time-worn Monster-Fane
Was built in—I forgot whose reign;
And 'neath whose walls the vaults encrust
The warlike Thurstan's martial dust;
With legions too, of sainted dead
Of whom by slanderous tongues 'tis said
That they though Mother Church's tools,
Were really more of knaves than fools.
Who after lives of war and lust,
Through gifts were numbered with the just;
The Church transcribed their epilogues,
And canonized the mouldering rogues.

But love for antiquated lore,
And scandal's charms must not ignore
Our gentle uncommercial friend
Who having reached his journey's end,
Cigar in mouth, with outstretched feet
Sits gazing down the busy street;
The smoke between his pearly teeth
In azure-tinted circles wreath.
In truth he seems reclining there
The anti-type of anti-core;
Anon, he starts; then steps to greet
A pedlar rising down the street,
With donkey-cart and crockery-ware,
All bound for Pickering's yearly fair;
(Whose cash returns would greatly shame
Some fairer of more ambitious name.)

"Ha! what's that the row?" the pedlar cries,
"One moment, please," our friend replies,
"Before you take that beast away,
A word with him I wish to say."
The clown returns with calm repose,
(His digests stealing to his nose)
"A crown I'll take to crown your joke,
And quick ere I the chance revoke."
The coin is paid, the cad meanwhile
Retires, (his face enwreathed with smiles)
Whilst our old friend (with pulled back cuffs
And weed, inhaled with vigorous puffs)
Approached the pedlar's long-eared steed,
The ashes flicking off the weed,
And then,—excuse a manly tear—
The burning mass rammed down its ear.

A snort, a yell, a runaway,
With Hades' King and more to pay;
That donkey's sentiments seemed clear,
For—entre nous—an ass's ear,
The weakest part is said to be
Of asinine anatomy;
And in pursuit there swiftly ran
A mad, blaspheming, crockery man,
Whilst pot and pan, and looking glass
Were smashed by that erratic ass,
Who showed astounding powers of speed;
Though not an ass of "Ukraine breed,"
And yet it is but fair to state,
He showed a clear 1.90 gait;
Indeed, unbeaten stands to-day,
The record of that runaway.

But all things earthly have an end,
(That they should not "the saints forefend")—
And no exception to the rule,
Was this half brother to the mule,
Who scorning pots and fying pans,
Soon reached the ancient bridge which spans
The hollow bed where deep and slow
The Ouse's classic waters flow;
But frightened by a passing team,
He leapt the bridge and charged the stream
Whose turbid waters soon alas!
For eye closed o'er that luckless ass;
Oh loud his owner stormed and swore,
He'd "bring the case before the law,"
Ne'er dreaming that a red-hot weed
Had caused the sad, disastrous deed.

Next day before the civic chair,
(In other words—my Lord the Mayor)—
Our uncommercial friend was sued,
"In that he did deceive, delude
An unsuspecting workman
Th' t dealt in "not and fying-pan,"
And who with many a mournful wail
And sigh relates the dismal tale
Whereby the goods for Pickering fair
Are numbered with the things that were!
Up jumped our friend, and then and there
Explained the case before the Mayor,
And proved there was a bargain made,
And that the promised cash was paid;
"Tut, tut, my man," quoth York's Lord Mayor,
"Dismissed, absurd, the whole affair."

The case dismissed on leaving court,
My Lord the Mayor our traveller sought,
"I really, sir, should like to know
What made you treat that donkey so?
Now what on earth had you to say
That he should act in such a way?"
"Indeed, my lord, I must confess
'Twill cause your lordship much distress,
Yet if you wish it I'll relate
The cause of his untimely fate.
I went to him and simply said,
'What! carrying pots—a disgraceful Ned,
A general monger's drudge—and you
The Mayor of York's twin-brother too;
Well blow me tight but here's a go,
How could you shame his lordship so?"

"Now when I spoke he shook his head,
And sighing mournfully he said,
'Alas! I long have felt that we
Were born in close affinity:
Here goes, no longer will I bear
This ignominious earthenware,
But in the river's gentle stream
I'll close for aye life's transient dream.'
With that my lord, he took to flight,
And passed for aye from mortal sight;
'Tis only just that you should know
'Twas shame that laid your brother low."
For seeing you, the child of Fame,
And he an ass of humble name,
The rest and silence of the dead,
Were sought by that poor quadruped.

Alas! the incandescent joke
Which killed that donkey—yclept a "Moke,"—
Caused York a vacant civic chair,
For he who'd filled the post of Mayor
Was cowed so much that to this day
He promenades the "MILKY WAY,"
(Whose pale, ethereal bar of light
Adorns the star-gemmed hours of night);
Where far removed from mortal view,
He emulates the Wandering Jew;
But everlastingly avoids
The neighbourhood of Asteroids.

HERNWARD.

Toronto, 30th October, 1879.

LORD BEACONSFIELD IN THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY."

That remarkable career which was crowned by the electoral triumph of 1874 has invested the political novels of the Premier with an interest hardly less active and probably much more wide-spread than that which they engaged at their first appearance. Few, however, are probably aware that, besides his achievements as a political novelist, Lord Beaconsfield has also made at least one excursion into the field of mediæval romance. Yet such is the case. "The Carrier-Pigeon" is the title of a short story contributed by "the author of *Vivian Grey*" to *Heath's Book of Beauty* for 1835, where it forms one of a list of articles from writers of no less note than Walter Savage Landor, "Thomas Moore, Esq.," Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Shelley, and others. It is a little tale of a resolutely romantic character, as its opening passages will be enough to indicate. It is thus that the author introduces the baronial homes of his hero and heroine to the reader:

"Although the deepest shades of twilight had descended upon the broad bosom of the valley, and the river might almost be recognized only by its rushing sound, the walls and battlements of the castle of Charolois, situate on one of the loftiest heights, still blazed in the reflected radiance of the setting sun, and cast as it were a glance of triumph at the opposing castle of Branchimont that rose on the western side of the valley, with its lofty turrets and its massy keep, black and sharply defined against the resplendent heaven."

Everything seems ready for the entrance of the "two horsemen enveloped in ample cloaks;" but Mr. Disraeli was original even in these matters, and instead of these two mysterious personages he brings his heroine on the stage at once. A "musical bell" begins to summon "the devout vassals of Charolois to a beautiful shrine;" and "at the first chime on this lovely eve came forth a lovelier maiden from the postern of Charolois—the Lady Imogene, the only remaining child of the bereaved count, attended by her page bearing her book of prayers. She took her way along the undulating heights until she reached the sanctuary." The "bereaved count" owed his bereavement to the late Baron of Branchimont, who had slain his only son in a tournament; and the distracted father, not content with having "avenge his irreparable loss in the life-blood of the involuntary murderer of his son," continues to cherish with more vehemence than ever the hereditary hostility which had always divided the two houses. In these circumstances, it is almost unnecessary to say that Imogene loves and is beloved by the young lord of Branchimont, whose Christian name is Lothair. As Imogene enters the "sanctuary" a palmer, with broad hat drawn over his face, and closely muffled up in his cloak, dipped his hand at the same time with hers in the fount of holy water placed at the entrance of the shrine, and pressed her beautiful fingers. Lady Imogene, however, had been too well brought up to notice this untimely familiarity, especially when other people were present. "A blush unperceived by the kneeling votaries rose to her cheek, but apparently such was her self-control, or such her deep respect for the hallowed spot, that she exhibited no other symptom of emotion, and walking to the high altar, was soon buried in her devotions." On the retirement, however, of the vassals from the shrine, the Lady Imogene so far overcomes her "deep respect for the hallowed spot" as to hold a short but impassioned colloquy with the palmer, "who was now shriven," and knelt at her side before the tomb of her brother. "Lothair," muttered the lady, apparently at her prayers, "beloved Lothair, thou art too bold." "Oh, Imogene! for thee what would I not venture?" was the hushed reply. "For the sake of all our hopes, wild though they be, I counsel caution." "Fear naught. The priest, flattered by my confession, is fairly duped." He urges her to fly with him, but their conversation is interrupted by the approach of the "fairly duped" priest. Lothair whispers an appointment, "for to-morrow at this hour," to which the Lady Imogene "nodded assent, and leaning on her page quitted the shrine." As they returned to the castle, Theodore remarked that he had "observed Rufus the huntsman sink into the adjoining wood;" to which his mistress replies: "Hah! He is my father's most devoted instrument; nor is there any bidding which he would hesitate to execute—a most ruthless knave." A playful dialogue then ensues between the lady and the page, in which the latter wishes he were a "stout knight" like Lord Branchimont, that he might fight for his mistress, and expresses admiration of that stout knight's beard. "It is indeed a beard," Theodore, said the Lady Imogene; "when wilt thou have one like it?" "Another summer perchance," said Theodore. "Another summer!" said the Lady Imogene, laughing; "why, I may as soon hope to have a beard myself." "I hope you will have Lord Branchimont's," said the page. "Amen," responded the lady.

At this point the lovers' troubles begin. Lady Imogene's father had discovered, probably through the detested Rufus, her clandestine meeting with their hereditary foe, and after having loaded her with "every species of reproach and invective," he confines her to a chamber in one of the loftiest towers of the castle, which she was never permitted to quit except to walk in a long gloomy gallery with an old female servant remarkable for the acerbity of her mind and manners. Her page escaped punishment by flight, and her only resource and amusement was her mandolin. "After a miserable week spent in this way, she was sitting one day in her chamber, dreaming of her Lothair,

when "a fluttering noise suddenly roused her, and looking up she beheld, to her astonishment, perched on the high back of a chair, a beautiful bird—a pigeon, whiter than snow, with an azure beak, and eyes blazing with a thousand shifting tints. Not alarmed was the beautiful bird when the Lady Imogene gently approached it; but it looked up to her with eyes of intelligent tenderness, and flapped with some earnestness its pure and sparkling plume." The bird of course bears a letter from Lord Branchimont fastened under its wing. Lady Imogene reads the passionate epistle, and having "a thousand times—ay, a thousand times—embraced the faithful Mignon," she "tore a leaf from from her tablets and inscribed her devotion;" and then, having fastened it with care under the bird's wing, launched Mignon from the window, and watched the pigeon's flight until its "sparkling form changed into a dusky shade, and the dusky shade vanished into the blending distance." In this way the lovers correspond for some time, until one day the bird is noticed sallying forth from the window of the tower by the evil-minded Rufus. His suspicious are excited, and "taking his cross-bow one fair morning he wandered forth in the direction of Branchimont." True to his mission, Mignon soon appears skimming along the sky:

"And already the Lady Imogene is at her post, gazing upon the unclouded sky and straining her beautiful eyes, as it were to anticipate the slight and glad some form, whose first presence ever makes her heart tremble with a host of wild and conflicting emotions. Ah! through the air an arrow from a bow that never erred—an arrow swifter than thy flight Mignon—whizzes with fell intent. The snake that darts upon its unconscious prey (is) less fleet and fatal! It touches thy form; it transfixes thy beautiful breast! Was there no good spirit, then, to save thee, thou hope of the hopeless? Alas, alas! the blood gushes from thy breast and from thine azure beak! Thy transcendent eye grows dim—all is over! The carrier pigeon falls to the earth!"

That same night a letter wrapped round a stone is thrown into Lady Imogene's chamber. It is to tell her that "on the ensuing eve" Lothair and Theodore, disguised as huntsmen of Charolois, would wait beneath her window, and "for the rest, she must dare to descend." She is struck at the unusual mode in which the communication had reached her, and wondered where Mignon was. The handwriting, however, was the handwriting of Lothair, and she did not observe that "the paper had the appearance of being stained or washed." The next night she accomplished the daring descent from her window by a "rope of shawls," and found herself in the arms of Lothair. Before, however, they have had time to mount their horses, Theodore exclaims, "Lord Branchimont, we are betrayed!" And, "indeed, from all quarters simultaneous sounds now rose, and torches seemed suddenly to wave in all quarters." Imogene clung to her lover, crying out that she would die with him. "Lord Branchimont placed himself against a tree, and drew his mighty sword." The Count de Charolois called on his followers to strike his enemy dead, and to "spare not the traitress;" but the vassals would not move; "deep as was their feudal devotion, they loved the Lady Imogene, and dared to disobey." The count was advancing to strike them down with his own hand, when an arrow glanced over his shoulder and pierced Lord Branchimont to the heart. His sword fell from his grasp, and he died without a groan. "The same bow that had forever arrested the airy course of Mignon had now as fatally and as suddenly terminated the career of the master of the carrier-pigeon. Vile Rufus the huntsman, the murderous aim was thine." The last chapter opens thus:

"The bell of the shrine of Charolois is again sounding; but how different its tone from the musical and inspiring chime that summoned the weary vassals to their grateful vesper. The bell of the shrine of Charolois is again sounding. Alas! it tolls a gloomy knell. She is dead—the beautiful Imogene is dead. Three days of misery heralded her decease. But comfort is there in all things; for the good priest who had often administered consolation to his unhappy mistress o'er her brother's tomb, and who knelt by the side of her dying couch, assured many a sorrowful vassal and many a sympathizing pilgrim who loved to listen to the mournful tale that her death was indeed a beatitude; for he did not doubt from the distracted expressions that occasionally caught his ear that the Holy Spirit in that material form he most loves to honor—to wit, the semblance of a pure white dove—often solaced by his presence the last hours of Imogene de Charolois."

With this somewhat daring stroke of imagination the story ends. Though a slight affair, it has evidently been worked up to the highest point of elaboration and finish, as, indeed, befitted a contribution to the *Book of Beauty*; and slight as it is, it is impossible not to recognize in it some of the best-known and most enduring characteristics of Lord Beaconsfield's literary style.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PURITY.—A pure child, like a ray of sunshine, can go anywhere without contracting taint. Though a choice of associations is essential to wholesome development, yet a normal and healthful child may come in contact with a great deal of roughness and vice without being injured by it. This can only be, however, when the child carries with it continually the atmosphere of a pure, elevated, Christian home. The intuitions of a child thus nurtured will make it shrink from the taint of vice and keep it pure.

PEACE AND COMFORT AT HOME.—Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially, if he is an intelligent man with a whole head, he needs its

moral force to maintain its composure in the conflict of life. Home, to be a home, must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul, day after day, renews its strength, and goes forth with added vigour to encounter the labour and troubles and perplexities of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and constantly meets with bad temper, jealousy, and gloom, or is everlastingly assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

MARRIAGE.—It has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming to those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unwise; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part. It is thus many a wife becomes not a "help-mate," but a "help-eat."

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.—There is a class of men who acquire a good deal of prominence in the community—they are much talked about, and their names are often seen in print—yet, when you get at the real opinion entertained of them by those who know them best, you find they are but little respected. The reason is because they are not really true men. They affect to take a deep interest in reform movements, and to be largely occupied in philanthropic enterprises; but in truth they are hollow-hearted popularity-seekers, caring little for anybody but themselves. Such men cannot be truly happy, for they cannot experience any feeling of satisfaction with themselves. And, indeed, it is with himself that every man should keep account. He should make it his own study to be true and real and sincere. Even if he could obtain the respect of others without deserving it, he could not obtain his own. Be what you seem is a manly rule of life, worthy of every young man's adoption.

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all efforts for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardour of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been so graciously brought nigh unto us.

CHILDREN.—Those who love children are not those who merely love the pleasure they can get from children; those love, not the children, but that pleasure, and the moment it ceases to be pleasure, then farewell to the children. Those who really love children love all about them—the troubling and the teasing that they make, the washing and wiping and worrying; they do not tire with their fretting, they are not disgusted with their care, they are not made nervous by their bawling; they take them in their entirety. It never occurs to them to say that these things are disagreeable, for, in reality, the agreeable things, the loveliness, the velvet cheeks, the exquisite mouth with its little pearls, the perfect eyes, the opening soul, the charming intelligence, the constant sense of the creation of a new human being going on under the eyes, the receptivity of love, the thing for love, all so far overbalance anything that is not in accord with them as to put it entirely out of sight and mind.

BEAUTY.—Neither rouge, artificial ringlets, nor all the resources of the toilet, can retard the relentless progress of that terrible foe to beauty—Time. But everyone must have noticed how lightly his hand rests upon some, how heavily upon others. Whenever you see in an old person a smooth, unwrinkled forehead, a clear eye, and a pleasing, cheerful expression, be sure her life has been passed in that comparative tranquillity of mind, which depends less upon outward vicissitudes than internal peace of mind. A good conscience is the greatest preservative of beauty. Whenever you see pinched-up features, full of lines, and thin, curling lips, you may judge of petty passions, envy, and ambition, which have worn out their owner. High and noble thoughts leave behind them noble and beautiful traces; meanness of thought and selfishness of feeling league with Time to unite age and ugliness together. Fresh air, pure simple food, and exercise, mental and bodily, with an elevated ambition, will confer on the greatest age a dignified beauty, in which youth is deficient. There are many men and women at sixty younger in appearance and feeling than others at forty.

FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY.

II.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

François Coppée was born in Paris in 1843. He has published successively: "Le Reliquaire" (1866); "Les Intimités" (1868); "Les Poèmes Modernes" (1869); "Les Humbles" (1871); "Le Cahier Rouge" (1874); "Olivier" (1876); "L'Exilée" (1877); "Le Passant," a comedy in verse, performed at the Odéon; "Les Deux Douleurs," at the Comédie Française; "L'Abandonnée," at the Gymnase; "Le Petit Marquis," at the Odéon, the latter piece being a comedy in prose, written in conjunction with M. Armand d'Artois. Also, two grand dramas in verse, "La Guerre de Cent Ans," and "Le Psautier," and "L'Idylle pendant le Siège," a romance in prose. [Also this year (1879), "Les Récits et les Elégies."]

The poet became celebrated when quite young, and suddenly. "Le Passant," a delightful poetic dialogue, given at the Odéon, excited general enthusiasm, and the public has ever since looked with favor upon François Coppée. It is not without a certain pride that I record this fact, for I witnessed the earliest unfoldings of this young talent, and perhaps exercised some influence over them. The following reminiscences may justify the present assertion.

It was in the earlier days of our group (some of us were already partially known to the poetical public)—that I received, one morning, a copy of verses entitled "Les Fleurs Mortelles," enclosed in an envelope. Before perusing them I noted two points; the verses were written in a remarkably fair hand, and they were unsigned. I read and found them charming. True, they showed some inexperience and a tendency to the elegiac, which was altogether antipathetic to me; but their freshness of idea, aptness and novelty of imagery, and their felicity of expression, evinced clearly a vocation to the Muse which needed only determined application to develop into a true and pure gift. I read the poem to my friends the same evening; it was generally approved of, and each of us set about discovering the author. Various suppositions were made, and discussed with animation. There was in fact only one present who did not join in it, a young man who had but recently been admitted into our circle, introduced by the Hungarian poet, Emmerich Glaser. One easily divined a rare and delicate intelligence from the clean-cut features, the refined smile, and the thoughtful air, tinged perhaps with sadness, of the newcomer; but as he talked seldom on the subject of poetry, we were far from guessing him a poet; and all we knew of him consisted in the facts that he was twenty-four years of age, and held a position in the "Ministère des Finances." Rising, however, he took me aside, and with some embarrassment confessed himself the author of "Les Fleurs Mortelles"; "C'est moi, mais je vous prie de ne pas le dire!" As may be easily supposed, I did precisely the contrary, and the new poet was warmly acclaimed.

The next day he set himself courageously to work at my side. What was wanting in his talent we had not hesitated to tell him, and he knew it already; he was born a poet, but he had yet to become an artist. Endowed with a firm will and rare instinct, he made rapid progress; all the principles of modern art, with science of composition and form, were acquired in the space of a few weeks; and he who had condescended to be my pupil became at once my master!

This anecdote was perhaps unnecessary here, but, under the influence of a gratitude which friendship exaggerates, François Coppée frequently dwells upon these reminiscences himself and would have regretted its omission.

"Le Reliquaire" appeared. Nothing is more delicious than the short pieces of this collection—somewhat sad, at times perhaps morbid, but always characterized by a tenderness of thought and expression which penetrates and dwells in the heart. Let us take at random the following as a specimen:

THE GRANDAMS.

(Les Aïeules.)

Empty the village is in late July.
For vivid clouds already sometime since
Brought threat of storm up-brewing in the west,
And fears for harvest to the hand-man.
So now 'tis harvest time, and vintage soon,
The scythes are sharpened and the barns clean swept,
And reapers meeting joyously at dawn
Go forth to gala days among the grain.

Now all this while the grandams left behind
Sit in the sunshine at the village doors,
A staff supporting hands and quivering chin,
For labor crippled them long years ago.
In homely skirt of fustian, with large white
Sun-bonnet, and a kerchief gaudy yet
With some old battle scene, they sit all day
Upon a bench, content with ne'er a word.
Or thought, perhaps, unless the quiet smile
Conveys mute benediction to the sun
That gilds the old elms, tower, and makes so ripe
The ears of corn their sons have gone to reap.

Ah! 'tis the best-loved time with these old dames!
The fireside stories of long winter eves
Scarce suit them now. The grandsons, their good men,
Is dead, and one gets lonely being old.
The daughter cannot leave her washing tub,
The son-in-law is busy at the vine.
'Tis for some, true; and yet not all so bad
In summer when the bright sun warms you well.

Not long ago they had the child to rock,
And the old hearts of country folks beat slow
And time them with the cradle's easy pace.
But now the babes are grown; the youngest birds
Have tried their wings, and want such cares no more.
So the old dames, children again themselves,
Have lost their second childhood's pastime now.

They might have turned the spinning-wheel, but Time
Over their faded eyes has drawn a veil,
And their thin fingers weary of the thread;
For those same hands of theirs, now blanched with age,
Have all too often urged the distaff on.
Making the last sad garment, fair and white,
For loved ones whom they buried long ago.
Yet not long poverty, the death of flocks,
The eldest son made conscript; not the year
Of dreadful famine following scanty crops,
Nor thankless tasks unceasingly done;
Not even the fretting when the eldest girl
In service far away forgot to write,
With thousand woes that make poor mothers weep
Silently in the night; not even the sign
From heaven when God's own lightning struck the mills;
Nor now that voice that speaks from all the past
In yonder quiet ground against the church,
Where between schools the children played with flowers
Twined around many a well-known cross of wood—
Not one nor all of these are shook their faith
Nor turned their Christian and heroic hearts.

And now their hearts' own time is come for rest;
And nothing seems more pleasant than to sit
In summer on a stone bench in the sun,
Watching with quiet joy the waterfowl,
Blue heads and green heads, splashing about the slits,
Catching a snatch of singing now and then
From busy scenes around the washing-tubs,
Counting the waggon horses come to drink.
Their child-like smile and tremulous white brows
Speak candor and content, as though past griefs
Vex them no more, and they have pardoned all.
And find that 'tis enough to have at length,
After all else for ever past away,
For only solace of their fourscore years,
The kindly sun, ever the peasant's friend.

Very shortly after "Le Reliquaire," François Coppée published "Les Intimités," tender and subtle settings of Parisian love, redolent of the *boudoir*, and in which the simplest wood flowers exchange their fragrance for the clinging kiss of lips. It may be affirmed that pages more voluptuous were never written, while versification was in them brought to a perfection astonishing to the ablest handlers of rhythm and rhyme. To this *recueil* others diverse in character and qualities succeeded, full of such as "L'Attente," or that powerfully-wrought poem, "La Bénédiction," one of the most robust narratives I know of; and at the present moment the reputation of François Coppée, popularized by theatrical successes, is one of the most solidly established in modern literature.

I may not, however, ignore the reproach frequently urged against our illustrious comrade by criticism which is perhaps somewhat cynical. The author of "Le Passant" is accused of condescending too readily, especially of late, to the common tastes, as by a sort of gratitude for the popular success which he has so constantly enjoyed; and some persons go so far as to insinuate that François Coppée was always in reality a *bourgeois* poet, whom the influence and example of friends induced for a time to seek certain elevations of thought and manner, and who simply, and without malice aforethought, returns into his natural self, the moment he is left alone, with the superadded confidence gained by success. In this there is both injustice and error. Beyond a doubt, François Coppée committed a mistake when he depicted *le blanc*, whether resort to the *tourlourou* and his *payse*, a episode too redolent of Paul de Kock; in the lovely poem, "L'Angélus," two or three vulgar details occur; in "Les Humbles" we must deprecate such pieces as "La Nourrice," and, above all, "Le Petit Epicier de Montrouge," however the author's keen observation and constant care for dignity and form may be urged in their favor. Incontestably there are some pages which we could well spare from the work of François Coppée; but why judge the whole by these! Are they, after all, so frequent, and are they not amply compensated for by so many other compensations which are irreproachable? If, indeed, we blame some of the "dizains" as a little too realistic, we cannot but accept the greater number of them as pure *chefs-d'œuvre*, in which familiarity is exquisitely allied with poetry. Judge for instance of this one:—

Sometimes beside my fire I sit and brood
On a bird dying somewhere in the wood.
The long sad days of dismal winter through
The new-bang empty, desolate nests whence flew
The birds last year: winds rock them to and fro.
Ah, how the birds must die in the winter snow!
And yet, when time of violets comes round,
Their delicate corpses will not strew the ground
Where we may run beneath the April sky.
Say, do the birds, then, hide themselves to die?

It seems but yesterday that François Coppée published "L'Exilée," those delicious love-Lieder, of which the two following are not by any means the sweetest.

I. THE THREE BIRDS.

I said to the dove, Thou canst fly above me,
Go where the corn-fields are,
And find me the flower that will make her love me:
The dove said—"Tis too far.

I said to the eagle, Heaven is before thee,
Help me to win her and die;
Go fetch me the fire of Jove, I implore thee:
The eagle said—"Tis too high.

I said to the vulture, Tear out and devour
Her love in my heart: to lone fate
Leave only what has escaped her power:
The vulture said—"Tis too late.

II. THE THREE WISHES.

Blushing, I see her linger,
I see her smile as of old;
Make for the loved one's finger
A beautiful ring of gold!

All's over. Still I shall find her;
I wait and scarce repine;
For all that she left behind her
Make me a silver shrine!

Nay, but life grows too dreary,
Heavy the heart and head;
O exile! I am a-weary:
Make me a coffin of lead!

Finally, "Les Récits Epiques," lofty inspiration and powerful of treatment, are fresh in our recollection. Space is limited, and I can, therefore, only quote one of these poems, and that not the finest, but the shortest:

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD.

When iron-browed Guntz returned from Palestine,
Lying one night awake beside his wife
Hilda, Sueno's daughter, in her dream
Low muttering, he heard her speak a name,
A man's name, his whose lands adjoined his own.
Jealousy seized him; he believed her false,
And, taking down his sword, half drew the blade.
But lo! the candor of that sleeping face,
Half-bid in wealth of chestnut hair, and lit
By lingering fond looks of the moon, arrests
His hand; he hesitates, and now, rough lord
Though he is, feels love a moment more than honor.
Yet sure was Guntz his ear had heard aright.
Then Guntz took counsel of his sword—that sword
His fathers handed down inviolable,
He set it up, half naked as it was,
Before the crucifix, and then he spake:

"O sword, my sword, trusty African,
Rebaptized in the blood of Saracens
So lately, speak! resolve me now! My wife
Low muttering in her dream pronounced a name,
His name whose lands are joined unto my own;
I fear her false, but yet I am not sure.
Resolve me now; I know that treachery
Aye found thee fatal, and my line's fair fame
I trust in thee, since thou hast kept it fair.
Judge now my wife! thy clear keen look of steel
Alone shall read her innocent or false;
I know thou wouldst not have me lie beside
One among womanhood less true than thou;
Whether I strike her now, or strike her not,
Judge, therefore, thou!"

Then, true and sure, the sword,
Knowing that, though her heart had suffered taint,
Hilda had never sinned the dream of sin
With him whose name she muttered in her dream—
Then generous, yea, and yet as ever true,
Not will that the warrior should smile,
Like an assassin, sharply, of itself
The sword of Guntz slid back into the sheath.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

THE CURIOUS MACHINE THAT A MAN HAS BEEN
WORKING ON FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

For the past seventeen years a gentleman of Altoona, Pa., has been engaged in the construction of a curious clock, which he expects to have completed by the first of January next. A representative of the *Call* accidentally came across it the other day, and was kindly given the following description of it by the inventor, who exacted a promise that his name should not be given to the public at the present time:

It consists of sixty-five automatic figures and workmen. The base represents a hill of stone upon which is a large structure. To the left is a beer garden with beer on draught, which one figure occasionally draws and passes to another near by.

Two more figures—a lady and a gentleman—are seated beneath a tree in the attitude of lovers. The lady is reading, and at intervals turns her head toward her companion as if for his approval.

The next representation is of an old fashioned linseed-oil mill. Here are workmen engaged in the various parts of the business. One carries a large vessel and empties it into the hoppers to be pressed by the stampers. On the outside is a carpenter, hatchet in hand, who ascends a ladder in a perfectly natural manner, stopping when halfway up, as if to look over the mill to see that all is right.

Adjoining this is a blacksmith shop, in the background of which are workmen heating iron, who change the piece after allowing it to heat. A man is also engaged in shoeing a horse, and strikes his first blows gently; he gradually increases them until the last is a strong one, calculated to drive the nail home. Another is at the anvil, and occasionally rests when his wife brings him some refreshments.

A fountain plays near by, and in a small summer-house where a professor is reading, and when he becomes excited over some passage, raises his hand and brings it down upon the page in an excited and emphatic manner. Below is a workman engaged in splitting stone. He strikes repeated blows upon a wedge until the stone cracks, falls away, and then replaces itself. Above the blacksmith shop is a sawmill where a log is being sawed. When the end is reached the boards are taken away and the flame replaced.

Still above this is a shoe factory, where a half dozen men and women are engaged in the different duties requisite for the manufacture of shoes. One is waxing, another cutting out, another pegging, another sewing, and still another beveling.

Over the linseed mill is the grist mill. In front is a miller dressing a stone; another comes out of the room and empties a large vessel into the hopper. As the flour is ground and the bags accumulate a man carries them away. A large elevator bucket carries up the wheat and dumps it into a bin, making but one ascent to the before-mentioned man's two. To the left is a dwelling-house; in the kitchen a servant is at work, who passes about inside and out to attend to her duties. Upon the top is the residence of the owner of the respective mills. Here visitors occasionally call, with whom the mistress shakes hands and talks about her neighbors. The clock proper crowns the whole structure. It is in all about five feet in length and four feet high. Each figure has a different motion, and some have two motions, requiring very complex machinery to run the whole. Two buckets of water furnish an unending supply of power, as it is used over and over again. The saw and grist mill are run by this water falling on an

overshot wheel. Thence the water falls on another wheel which runs the linseed mill. The water and all is kept in motion by an eighty-nine-and-a-half-pound weight. It is truly a work of art, and over seventeen years were occupied in its construction.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

THE LONDON "TIMES" URGES EMIGRANTS TO GO TO THE DOMINION—BRITISHERS SHOULD NOT RENOUNCE THEIR BIRTHRIGHT.

The London *Times*, of Oct. 24th, editorially says:

It is unquestionable that the facility for acquiring land in the United States has been the main reason why our agriculturists have gone thither. The same reason will continue to be potential in the cases of any who may now think of improving their condition by a change of country and of nationality. Liberal though the provisions of the United States' Homestead Act are, yet they involve on the part of our countrymen who profit by them a renunciation of their birthright as citizens of the British Empire. This is a sacrifice even more keenly felt by most of them than the severance from the place of their birth and beginning life anew in a strange land. This consideration has induced many emigrants to prefer the long voyage to New Zealand or one of the Australian Colonies to the far shorter trip across the Atlantic. The Dominion of Canada has always invited immigrants, but, till recently, that splendid country had nothing to offer which could rival the prairie States of the Far West. All this is changed, however, and the emigrant can now find in Canada as great inducements to settle there as Minnesota, or any other State in the Union, can offer. The Canadians, if more scrupulous, are less energetic in advertising their country than the citizens of the North American Republic. (Interminous with Minnesota is the Province of Manitoba. All that Mr. Andrews has said in praise of the former may be truthfully repeated with regard to the latter. The area of Manitoba is but small in comparison with that of some Western States; yet it is twice as large as Massachusetts, and it can support many millions of people and furnish a large surplus of grain for exportation. Yet Manitoba is but a single Province in a territory which is open and ready for settlement—a territory covering 380,000 square miles, exceeding in extent France and Germany combined, and equal in fertility to any corresponding tract on the globe. In the Canadian North-West there is a Homestead Act under which the settler is treated still more generously than in the United States. He pays but \$10 for his title to the 160 acres which are granted to him on condition that he resides there three years, and he can obtain another piece of equal area on paying \$1 an acre. At the period of obtaining the land absolutely, he must be a British subject by birth or naturalization; this provision is one which gives the immigrants from the old country no concern. We do not advocate any measure of wholesale emigration, because we entertain the confident expectation that brighter days are in store for the suffering agriculturists in this country. The present crisis will pass away, as other times of trial have done, and will leave behind it some profitable if bitter and trying lessons. Yet our fellow-countrymen who are discontented with their lot, who have a practical knowledge of farming, who possess a little capital, and who are resolved to emigrate, will do well to inquire whether the prairie lands of Canada are not superior in some respects to those of the United States.

THE EMMA ABBOTT OPERA COMPANY.

As was to be anticipated, Mr. De Zouche's enterprise has so far between rewarded him with the success it so well deserved. Our going to press merely allows us to notice the first performance of this first class company. On Monday night, Victor Massé's "Paul et Virginie" was given before an audience distinguished equally for intelligence and social position, and the warmth of its reception betokened the high favor in which the artist's efforts were held. It may be taken for granted that the theme of the work is familiar to everybody, for the story was a lapped in every tongue at once, and the original became a text-book in the English and other European French classes.

There are three grand tests in the opera for "Virginia," all of which she passed with emphatic success, the "Forgive, I play," in the second act, displaying the expressive qualities of Miss Abbott's voice, and a passionate fervor which indicate the most admirable sensibility and depth of feeling; the devotional and intensely sympathetic *leur motif*, "By the air that I breathe," and the "Bird Song." The last of these is exceedingly florid and intricate, and its successful accomplishment brought down the house with a burst of applause, which was repeated with equal energy after the *encore* in which it resulted. Indeed, Miss Abbott's performance both in point of dramatic power and vocal execution, was in the highest degree gratifying. She was exceedingly fortunate in the support rendered by Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Tom Karl and Mr. Ellis Ryse. It would be superfluous to say that Mrs. Seguin sang exquisitely, that her tones were rich, and that as a dramatic artist she was entirely equal to the rôle of "Meala." Mr. Karl's voice and action have both developed extraordinarily.



1. HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Premier and Minister of Agriculture and Public Works.

6. HON. E. T. PAQUET,
Provincial Secretary.

2. HON. J. J. ROSS,
President of the Council.

3. HON. E. J. FLYNN,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

4. HON. J. G. ROBERTSON,
Treasurer.

5. HON. W. W. LYNCH,
Solicitor General.

7. HON. L. O. LORANGER,
Attorney General.

THE NEW CABINET OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

THE LATE S. JONES LYMAN.

Herewith is an illustration of a memorial in marble recently erected in the Montreal Protestant Cemetery by a few of the many friends of the late S. J. Lyman.

He was born in Northampton, Mass., on 25th November, 1819, and died in Montreal on the 1st April, 1879. For many years he conducted an extensive business as a chemist and druggist. He was always an active supporter of the Montreal Horticultural Society, and of many kindred associations, and from 1864 to 1867 he was Colonel of the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

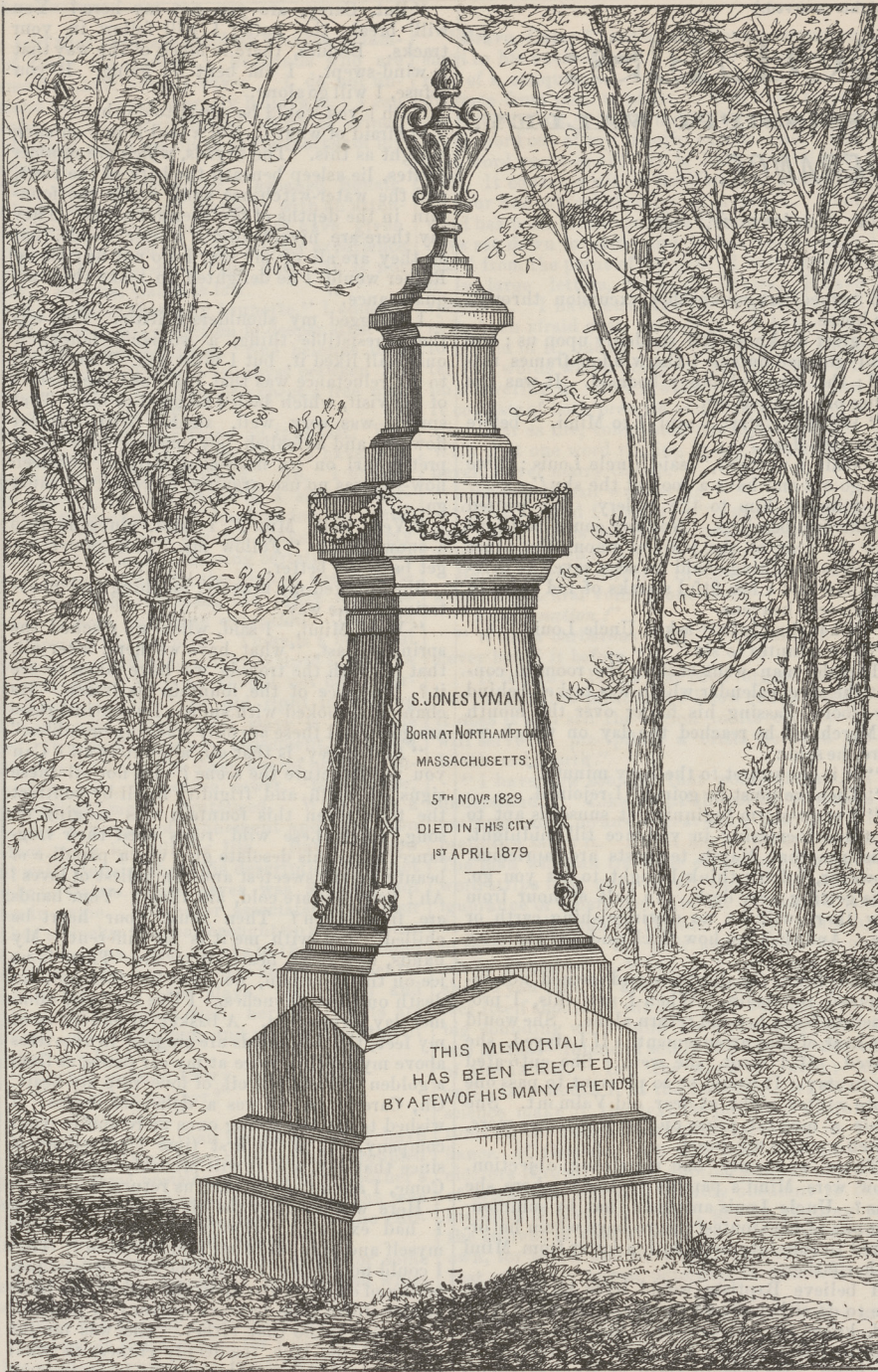
His character, generally, cannot be better described than it is in the funeral sermon delivered by his old friend and venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, from which the following is an extract:—

"Of his work and service in general society it may be truly said that in an especial degree he was the friend of all whom he could in any way benefit. So genial was he, so kind and affable, that he naturally attracted strangers, and attracting them he would take all pains to show them attention. It was said by one shrewd stranger friend, who remained in our city during most of the period of the civil war in the United States, that Mr. Lyman deserved to be a paid officer of the city, with the function of paying all kind and considerate attention to its visitors. He would call on nearly all classes of such, and taking them by the hand, endeavour to render their visit pleasant. * * * The general community has received no little benefit from his study of nature and his love for it, and particularly of the beautiful. His fund of knowledge in respect of flowers and fruits, and chemical forces and nature in general, was large, varied and ever increasing, while, at the same time, he was ready and happy in communicating what he knew. He poured forth in lectures and in private conversation, without stint and with all modesty, that which he had learned. He was an excellent and instructive talker. I don't think that he was made for the ordinary work and details of commerce and money making; these were not his forte; he was not successful in them, of course, made many mistakes in them, and sometimes, I dare say, without any evil intention on his part, to the loss of others. But he was eminently unselfish and ready to lend the helping hand whenever and wherever it could be of use. How frequently was his singular faculty for tasteful adornment called into exercise on behalf of our several benevolent institutions, whose lady managers need such services at their entertainments and bazaars."

The last report of the Montreal Horticultural Society contains a very truthful and appreciative sketch of Mr. Lyman.

The monument, as regards its artistic character, speaks for itself. It is about eleven feet high, and is from the atelier of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Reid.

Sum people marry becase they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out. Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win. Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game. Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over. Some think it carefully over fust, and then set down and marry.



MONTREAL.—MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE S. JONES LYMAN, MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY.

No man kan tell jist what calico had made up her mind tew do. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds iz the child of circumstance.

THE CHINESE WALL.—An American engineer in China has been making a fresh examination of its "Great Wall." The dimensions have been given so often that we need not repeat them; but the structure for a distance of 1,728 miles is "carried from point to point in a perfect straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and small rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed. Perhaps the Emperor Nicholas had this contempt for obstacles in mind when he solved the problem of the best railroad route between St. Petersburg and Moscow by drawing a straight line by a ruler between the points on the map and having the road constructed as thus indicated.

WHERE THE ANGELS LINGERED.—A little girl with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mt. Adna the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far-away look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had died away. Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the faded bunch of dandelions and grave grass that her chubby hand held. An old man came by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a tear-drop in the child's eye to tell that she heard or knew the story.

When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected empty lot, and kneeling down she pulled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her chubby hand, "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but may be it will be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the grass she plucked, murmuring on: "And may be it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years, and then maybe papa will sometimes come back and"—But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that he rested beneath the waves, and the tear-drops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses of the mound she had reared. When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound.



COUNTRY FAIR AT ST. CLOUD.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book VI.

REPARATION AND ABNEGATION.

VII.

SLEIGH-BELLS.

I allowed a whole week to pass without going to The Quarries. My object was to let events shape themselves naturally without arousing alarm or forcing conclusions. Besides, I had promised Gaisso to say nothing of her danger or her flight.

I took advantage of the respite to give Mimi a little more of my company than I had of late been able to do. Those interviews proved particularly from the new light which they shed upon Mimi's character. I found her more demonstrative than usual, more impetuous, more daring. She had formerly been given to railery; now she took pleasure in being sarcastic. She seemed never to tire of fling me. There was indeed no poison in her wit; no sting in her epigram. She was hardly more than a gay bird brushing and vexing my cheek with its wing. But the bird was free; it always escaped my hand. It was evident that Mimi was thoroughly happy. All her misgivings had vanished. The pledge I had pronounced was the perch to which, after her flutterings, she ever returned for repose. Her friends were delighted at the change, my mother particularly so. She thanked me for it. Could I do otherwise than partake of the common joy? Certainly not, though sometimes when I saw Mimi at her best, I could not rid myself of the unwelcome thought that perhaps—perhaps all this confidence, all this peace, all this undoubting felicity might be marred by circumstances which neither of us could control, and then I figured to myself how different she would appear under the revulsion. But after all, sufficient for the day is its own burden of evil. I abandoned myself to the pleasure of Mimi's company. I was a willing butt to her merri-ment. I never allowed a selfish or imprudent remark to break in like a false note on the delicious music of her lively motions. And because I was happy she was happier still, and the hours we spent together rolled brightly on golden wheels.

One afternoon I offered her a sleigh-ride. It was the last abundant snow-fall in March, prior to the final breaking up of the winter. Everybody was out to enjoy the parting gift of the sea on. Mimi eagerly assented to my request. We drove about the city awhile crossing thousands of sleighs in every direction, but with this she seemed only half pleased. It was not brilliant equipages she wanted to see, but the wild wintry scene along the country roads, where the heavy grey line of the sky lies low on the earth, where the rushing winds pile the snow in cliffs along the sides of the lanes and gorges. Once more, before the enchanter's spell was dissolved, she wished to see the hazy landscape, the blue smoke curling from indistinct cabins in the valley, the whirled eddying of the snow in the breath of the careering winds; to hear the moan of the forest trees, the loud explosions of the blast like bursts of cannon, the screech of the metal runners, the crunch of the horse-hoofs, the dull tinkle of the sleigh-bells, like echoes from afar. For him who loves the tempest and the mighty elements of God in their angry play, what an afternoon was this to drive across the fields!

Catching the enthusiasm of my companion, I turned my horse's head into the country. By the merest chance, we struck into the Manchester road. Mimi did not notice this at first, but when we passed such well-known landmarks as Camp Spring and the toll-gate, her face kindled with a new joy, and she exclaimed:

"To Valmont, Carey! to Valmont!"

I objected that it was a long drive for a short afternoon, but she insisted so earnestly that I could not refuse. So I cracked my whip over the head of my horse, and away we glided like the wind along the old favorite road.

We were not expected by Aunt Aurore, but she was quite prepared to receive us. When was she ever taken unawares? There were left over from the pastry supplies of Carnival and Mardi-Gras remnants of cakes, braces of pies, plates of croquignolles, bottles of liqueur, pitchers of syrup, to say nothing of the more substantial combinations of fish and flesh. Of course, the first thing we had to do, after warming ourselves, was to eat. And to Aunt Aurore's intense delight we ate heartily. Immediately after the repast, if we had been wise, we should have prepared to return, as the light of day was already waning, but that was impossible with the questionings and prattle of the old people. Uncle Louis took hold of me, made me tell him the news, explain to him my occupations, prospects, and so forth. Aunt Aurore moved about with Mimi from room to room, sat down awhile before the huge log-fire which shed a cheerful light through the apartment, then arose again

and turned out on another excursion through the house.

A great darkness fell suddenly upon us; the wind groaned outside; the window-frames rattled; the large chimney boomed. It was the rising of a snow-storm.

"We must start," said I to Mimi, "before it gets too dark."

"Wait a moment," said Uncle Louis; "we will go out and have a look at the sky."

I followed him to the gallery. We paused to take our bearings. Nothing could be heard save the roar of the tempest among the pines and oaks; nothing could be seen save the driving snow and a few fitful streaks of red mist in the western heavens.

"What time is it?" asked Uncle Louis.

"Ten minutes to six."

The old man went back to the room to consult the sheet calendar which was tacked behind the door. Passing his finger over the month of March till he reached the day on which we were, he said:

"It is the sunset to the very minute."

"Then we must be going," I rejoined.

"A snow-storm beginning at sunset is apt to continue increasing in violence till midnight. It is true that March tempests are capricious. However, I don't think I ought to let you go. It is getting very dark. In half an hour from now there will be no distinguishing earth or sky. And then see how thick and fast the snow falls."

Mimi heard the discourse and seemed not indisposed to remain. When I saw this, I proposed to leave her and return alone. She would not hear of that arrangement. If I stayed, she stayed. If I went, she went. She entreated me to stay. It would be so pleasant to pass one more winter night at dear old Valmont. She made a musical pause on the words *one more*, which went to my heart.

There was only one remaining objection. How were Mimi's parents to know where she was? Uncle Louis answered that by summoning one of his stoutest negro boys whom he ordered to ride into town with a letter from Mimi to her father.

I believe Baptiste would have walked into fire to do either of us a service. He was a stout lad, knew the way perfectly, and the horse he was to ride was one which he had trained to his hand. He was to sleep at Mr. Raymond's and not return the next morning till we had reached the city and seen him.

VIII.

BESIDE THE FROST-BOUND SPRING.

Now that we were safely housed in Valmont for the night, we gathered around the large, open fire and listened to the tempest. What different notes in the trumpets of the wind! What singular noises, as the voices of spirits in pain, circulated through the passage, when the outer doors opened! How the good old building creaked and cracked while Uncle Louis smiled with confidence in the strength of his timbers. Now the sleet lashed the window glasses; then the snow fell softly and silently as wool. It piled up in the avenues, and on the gallery, blocked up the doors, lay like marble tablets on the exterior cements.

We spent a most agreeable evening. Our visit was a delightful relief to the monotony of the old people's life at Valmont. I regaled them with stories. Mimi regaled them with songs. Uncle Louis smoked his red-stone Indian pipe—a sign of high enjoyment. Aunt Aurore darned stockings. Their children sat in between us around the hearth, listening and admiring. Our only light was the immense reflection of the log fire.

But at a sound of the clock the children arose, set the table, lighted the candles and Aunt Aurore, gliding in and out, spread us a supper such as she only knew how to prepare.

I need not rehearse the incidents of this meal, nor of the sitting which succeeded it. At ten o'clock, when we broke up for the night, I went out to inspect the weather. The storm had ceased completely. The wind had fallen. The moon, sailing through an unclouded sky, shed a mantle of silver radiance over the expanses of snow. It was a ravishing spectacle. As I stood gazing in admiration, I was surprised by the appearance of Mimi at my side, wrapped in her fur mantle and hood and shod in her dainty overshoes of beaded moose. Oh! but she was fair, standing pensively on this foreground of dazzling snow, with the white moon overhead.

"Carey," she said in a low voice, "will you come with me?"

"Where do you intend to go on such a night?" I inquired, in simple wonder.

"I am going to the spring. I want to see how it looks after a snow-storm and beneath a wintry moon."

I represented to her the impassable road; the drifts in the glen. She could never wade through the snow.

"But, Carey, are you not my hero? You will break the path; I will follow in your tracks. Besides, there is much of the way that is wind-swept. I am bent on going. If you refuse, I will go alone."

"Oh! you would be afraid to do that."

"Afraid of what? Not a soul is out on such a night as this. The dryads, which are summer sprites, lie asleep beneath the bark of the trees, and the water-witch has sunk under the fountain in the depths of her thermal caves. They say there are nixes in our winter woods, but as they are all of my sex, I do not fear them. Rather would I be delighted to make their acquaintance."

I shrugged my shoulders a little. This was that irresistible thing, a woman's fancy. I only half liked it, but I must go. What added to my reluctance was that I divined the motive of the visit, which boded no good to me. That spring was very well, shaded with summer flowers, and a foolish boy making love to a pretty girl on its moss-clad margin, but seen now—it was no use arguing, however. I must go.

"Very well, Mimi," I said, plunging into a snow-bank. "Follow me. The sooner we get back the better."

She followed me bravely, laughing and chattering all the way.

"Well, Mimi," I said, when we reached the spring at last, "what have we here, after all, that is worth the trouble we have taken to see it? The face of the fountain is frozen. Its channel is choked with snow. Its sentinel roses are gone, and these are only cracking brambles."

"Ah! Carey, is that all, absolutely all? Can you not picture the scene? Do not all these signs of death and frigidity recall by contrast the time when this fountain was singing its song, when these wild roses shed their fragrance, when this desolate glen was a paradise of beauty for the sweetest and the holiest of loves? Ah! your feet are cold, are they? Your hands are frost-bitten? Then must your heart be chilled. But with me it is far different. My hands, feet, head, heart are on fire. There is no ice on this fountain, no snow in this dell, no death on these branches. I live my brief summer day over again. A basket of flowers is at my feet, the blue-birds are singing in the trees above my head, a voice at my ear pours, as from a golden goblet, the oil of love into my heart. Oh, Carey! but it was a delicious dream. I wished to see the spring once more and in your company. It is the first time I have done so since that day, and it will probably be the last. Come, I am satisfied. Let us return."

Here was precisely the bit of romance which I had expected. How was I to act? Believe myself and join in Mimi's enthusiasm? That I could not do for the life of me. I was perishing of cold. Turn upon the girl with a little banter stolen from her own quiver? I had not the heart to do that either. She was far too beautiful, too true, too deeply earnest in what she had been doing and saying to be so treated. I contented myself with these words:

"Beware, Mimi dear, of what you speak. Some time ago I was accused of neglect and injustice. Take care lest you give some one reason to accuse you of the same. Now that it is done, I am glad to have led you to the spring. If I appear less anxious to do so, it was because I feared the visit was too much for you to attempt to-night. You may take your death of cold in this hollow, but let it be *sans rancune*. You refused me a kiss at this fountain once before. Make up for it now. Then will I believe in your protestations."

Her head sank upon my shoulder, and we embraced each other there, as only lovers can kiss.

On returning, it was Mimi led the way, following our beaten track, with a cheerful face and elastic gait, hopping as blithely as a snow-bird.

When the old people, who had been wondering where we were gone, heard our story, they laughed heartily. Uncle Louis shook his head, saying to Aunt Aurore:

"We went about things more simply in our time, did we not? We would not freeze our toes for a kiss. In our day kisses were cheaper than they are now, though every bit as sweet. Warm yourselves thoroughly, my children. The mother will give Mimi a glass of mulled wine, while you, Carey, will sit at the fire with me, sipping a Bourbon punch and smoking a pipe."

IX.

PARENTHETICAL.

Was there place in my heart for both Ory and Mimi? Such was the question which occurred to me that night and often afterward. Of course there was so long as love remained in the state of desire. Two such lovers are better than one. It needs no psychological analysis to prove that. It is merely a question of arithmetic. But would I ever be called upon to choose between Mimi and Ory? That was more a delicate puzzle. Sometimes the future of such a choice appeared far away; sometimes it seemed to close in upon me. But far or near, I preferred not to set the alternative too sharply before my eyes. If I did it might prematurely warp my judgment and prepare me for a disappointment which might be the standing sorrow of my life. *Festina lente.*

There was one thing which I observed in this connection and which pleased me exceedingly. Ory and Mimi never clashed in my mind. They were two parallel forces. They were two sisters, walking hand in hand. I never caught myself

comparing them. Does it follow that they presented themselves to my heart without any form of antagonism? Alas! I could not say that. All I could do was to close my heart for the present. Meantime I did not disguise from myself that the more I saw of Mimi the more she grew into my soul.

X.

STRANGE MEANING OF A PISTOL-SHOT.

My week of absence from The Quarries seemed to me an eternity. I had seen no one from there; had heard nothing. As when we go away from home we imagine that some change or other must have happened at the old place, so I was now desirous to return to The Quarries to assure myself that naught had gone amiss. What, for instance, if I had been imprudent in persuading Gaisso to go back to The Quarries? What if she had met with trouble or danger again?

But all smiled to me as I entered the gate. The spring sun was out. Not a speck of last week's snow remained. A crocus, which I plucked at the foot of an old crumbling wall, I attached to my button-hole as a good omen.

I found the house all astir with preparation. Immense quantities of linen and clothes were being made up for Bonair, who, contemplating a five years' absence in the Indian country, wished to be well supplied during the whole of that time. Ory worked most cheerfully. Toinette, too, was there—it was the first time I had ever seen her in the house—and she had most of the sewing to do, for, as I learned, she was an extraordinary needle. Gaisso was not visible, but I had not been long in the house when she stole up to me with a troubled face, and informed me that Bonair desired to see me in his room.

"He has something particular to tell you," she said in an almost inaudible whisper, and her look was such that I believed she suspected the object of the conference.

I found Bonair in his private apartment. He was in slippers and shirt-sleeves, with a red silk handkerchief wound about his head. The room was in disorder, the bed tossed, articles of dress were spread on chairs and on the carpet. On a little writing-table lay a mass of papers, flanked to the left by a large pip, to the right by a horse-pistol. As soon as he had received me and offered me a chair, he closed the door with lock and bolt, then dropped the blinds at each of the windows, so as to leave only a faint light in the room.

"Carey Gilbert," said he, returning to his seat before the little table, "you are the very person I wanted to see. If you had not come, I was about to go to you myself. I am in an awful state of perplexity. I am about to take a decisive step, pronounce finally on a terrible question. I have consulted nobody. I desire no man's advice, except yours. You must be aware that the hour of my departure to the mountains is fast approaching. I had intended not to leave before the middle of April, but am now resolved to do so at the end of March. It is to-day Tuesday. I start Monday morning next."

I expressed my surprise at this, not having previously been informed of it.

"Yes, I leave The Quarries on next Monday, and God only knows when I will see it again. My own impression is that I will never return. I have settled every point but one, and that is the one on which I wish to consult you. You probably suspect what that is."

"I do, Bonair Paladine," I replied with firmness. "But I believe you can decide that without advice from me. I am not averse to give you any counsel or assistance in my power, but in such a matter I had hoped you would see your way clear without having to debate about it."

"So did I hope up till the last moment. I thought I could cut that question short by a decisive act of the will, as I had done others. The bother it has cost me, the threats that have been uttered, the dangers that have been thrown around me, the tears that have been shed, the supplications that have been made, the sorrow and the resentments that it has brought into this house I made light of in the confidence that at the moment of my departure one word of mine, firm, sharp, inexorable, would scatter all that mischief to the winds. Ah! sir, what an illusion. How blind we are when we believe our sight is the sharpest. How weak when we imagine we have the might of Titans. The struggle that has gone on within me since this morning, when I first faced the question in earnest, is something incredible. My head on one side; my heart on the other. I thought I had no heart left; I fear now that I have too much."

All this was spoken with the rapidity as of a torrent, with magnificent sweep of hand and eyes that rolled in the grand light of passion.

I said nothing, and he resumed:

"You are calm, disinterested, impartial. You are a young man like myself and can understand my position. As my friend and benefactor, you will tell me exactly what you think and I tell it as plainly, as forcibly as you can. Of course, you know all my former relations with Gaisso."

"Yes."

"Have you ever reflected how you would act toward her, if you were in my place?"

"Yes, I have."

"Ah! you have, indeed," he exclaimed with a kind of sarcastic surprise which displeased me. I immediately explained:

"This matter has been forced upon my attention at different times and by different per-

sons. Candidly, I should have preferred to ignore it altogether, but, as it was, I could not help turning it over in my mind, and with more or less reference to myself. I, too, am young; exposed to temptation; quite as liable as anybody else to commit a false step, and it was only natural to ask myself what I would do if I found myself circumstanced as you are."

This explanation soothed Bonair. Bending toward me he asked in a gentle voice:

"Well, what would you do?"

"I would marry Gaisso."

He shook his head and looked away; then in a deep, hollow voice exclaimed:

"I expected that answer."

"Understand me. When I came to that decision, it was under a double hypothesis."

"Namely?"

"That I still loved Gaisso."

"As I do, Heaven knows how truly."

"That she was pure and worthy of my love."

"As she is, Carey Gilbert. Pure! I once dared, and that in my old father's face, to hint my suspicions of the contrary, but it was with the malice of a fiend. In my heart I knew that Gaisso was chaste and true and that never for one moment had she swerved from her devotion to me."

"Then, I repeat, I would marry her out of hand."

Bonair dropped his head on his breast and reflected. It was evident from his manner that a tempest was raging in his soul. At length he roared out:

"Oh! it is all very fine, very easy to theorize, to make heroic resolutions in fancy. But the deed, the act, the irrevocable act, that is the frightful difficulty. What, Carey Gilbert? Marry a girl that has negro blood in her veins! Think of it. Try to take in all that it means."

I saw now what turn the combat was assuming. Bonair was struggling against his instincts. As no battle can be more fierce, I feared it was going to last too long, and I would have been as well pleased to keep out of it. With this view I asked Bonair whether he still desired my advice; for if he did, I might have unpleasant things to say.

"Yes, yes; he answered eagerly. "Do not leave me to myself. Do not abandon me."

"Be cool, Bonair." (I spoke to him more familiarly now than I had ever done.) "Look at facts, not fancies. Leave prejudice to fools."

What is this fiction of negro blood? Ask any physiologist. He will tell you it is as bright scarlet as yours or mine. And, after all, spite of the few drops of negro blood which flow in her veins, did you not love the girl, did you not win her love and feel proud when she gave you the whole worth of her existence? Had you any repugnance for this negro blood when you kissed her lips and called her your own?"

"Oh! there is a gulf-like difference between loving a girl and marrying a wife. Passion is blind; passion is not always dainty. I have had enough of passion, firing the brain, causing the young blood to bubble at the heart, the young limbs to writhe and quiver into faintness. Reason now and reason alone must be my guide."

"Let reason then be your guide. Look at Gaisso! Who could tell that she has a globule of African blood? I never knew it till I was informed of it."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed Bonair, delighted to hear it.

"Yes. I never saw a more perfect octoroon. She has not a single African feature."

"Aye, that is true."

"There is nothing to betray her—"

"Except, perhaps, that touch of waviness in her hair."

"Not at all. I have observed the same in many white women."

"Oh! but the damning objection ever recurs. She may pass for a white woman, but she is in reality coloured. Nothing can wash out that stain."

"Coloured! What is colour but another prejudice. Reflect a moment. Are not many women of southern climates—Spaniards, Italians, Mexicans and our own Creoles—the fairest of the fair, with their raven locks, olive cheeks and coal-black eyes, darker than many a mulatto girl that you and I have seen? But in no case has their colour prevented their being loved, wooed and won. On the contrary, in thousands of instances, their rich, ripe colour has fascinated because it was the symbol of warm blood and a generous heart. Colour! I am ashamed to hear you make the objection. How many Americans have married Indian girls, from Pocahontas down to our day? Married them, lived openly with them, travelled with them, introduced them to the noblest of the land, procured for them the place of honour even at Presidential levees. Some of our most distinguished men sprang from Indian mothers. How many British officers, stern conquerors of the East, have allowed themselves to be seduced by Bengalee beauties, and in more than one baronial seat of Old England have the silk turban, the shawl of Cashmere and the embroidered slipper flashed at the head of the hall? How many Spanish grandees have married Moorish maids and even Zingales? How many chivalrous Frenchmen have united themselves to Algerine belles? When all other qualities are present, colour counts for nothing. If I truly loved a girl, I would marry her were she brown as snuff, black as night, red as an autumn leaf, yellow as ochre, blue as indigo, or green as a mermaid. And I would show her bravely to the world, defiant of sneering lip or carping tongue. I have

been told that there are children who are ashamed of their old parents; husbands who are ashamed of their homely wives. I do not understand this. I can scarcely believe it. I can conceive of no circumstance, short of crime, which could make me blush at the mother of my children."

"No, no, it is not colour," groaned Bonair, who had listened to my rhapsody with an attention which he would perhaps not have given the words of an older man with larger experience of life. "I understand that now. It is not colour. Besides, Gaisso is fair."

"She is fairer than any brunette," I added.

"Ah, Carey, the objection is deeper still. It lies in her social condition. She belongs to a degraded race. There is an abyss between her and me. Surely you cannot expect a free man to mate with a slave!"

"You have set your finger on it at last. Yes, that is the root of the difficulty. I have been expecting you there all along. No. I do not want to see a freeman mated to a slave. Marriage, to be happy, must be founded on social equality. There are natural ranks in society which must be kept. Barring certain cases, the higher must unite with the higher, the middle class with the middle class, the lowly with the lowly. I note only one exception. The rich may marry with the poor. There is a beautiful fitness in a wealthy man taking unto himself a destitute girl. Socrates should not have married Xantippe, but Boaz did right in making Ruth his wife. The word slave is a terrible word. It means ignorance, abasement, a bruised will, abject fear. The slave has no hope, no incentive to love, no motive power. He is false, hypocritical, mean, brutalized. With such a creature a person of refinement and education cannot yoke himself for life. But you know full well, Bonair, that this description does not apply to Gaisso. She never was a slave, not even in name. She never associated with your father's blacks. She was brought up in this house as a companion. And thanks to this exceptional condition, she has risen far above the mental and moral state of a slave. She reads and writes, she converses well, her sentiments are delicate, she is religious, and all her deportment is that of a lady."

"But her mother, Carey, her mother."

"What of her mother?"

"She was a slave."

"Hardly more so than Gaisso herself. I have it from your father, who told me she occupied almost the same position in your own mother's family that Gaisso has held in yours. She was a handsome quadroon who took care of the children in your grandfather's house."

Bonair had been pacing the room for some minutes when he stopped at my ear and whispered,

"Yes, but she was never married."

I started at these words, for I did not expect that it would come into Bonair's head to pronounce them. The struggle must have been desperate, indeed, when he was driven to such an outrageous objection as this.

"Oh! Bonair Paladine," I exclaimed with an emphatic sneer, "this is too bad, too bad. Such a reflection comes with fine grace from your lips. What! Rake up the sins of the dead? We shall toy with the poor things when they are pretty and good; we shall abuse their helplessness and force them to do what, if left to their own better natures, they would recoil from, and when we are tired of them, we shall flaunt our cant morality at them. The shame is ours, not theirs. Ah! In this atrocious system of slavery there are horrors and mysteries which must sooner or later draw down the wrath of heaven. White fathers have been known to sell like beasts the children of their own loins. White lovers have cast off as old gloves the poor slave girls whom they seduced under the fascination of holiest promises. Bonair! You reproach Gaisso's mother with her transgressions. And yourself, then? What have you done? You dishonour the mother; how did you treat the daughter?"

"No more, Carey. Don't enter into that. It is all past now, and no good can come of its being recalled."

"But I will recall it. You asked my advice; you shall have it without stint. In this discussion you have been all selfishness. You have viewed everything only as it concerned yourself. Turn the medal. Look at its reverse. Have you not certain sacrifices to submit to? Have you not one great reparation to make? Is it possible that you expect to save yourself by unveiling Gaisso's birth?"

"I unveil nothing, Carey. The whole world knows that she is illegitimate."

"Yes, she is illegitimate. Say it more cruelly, more brutally. She is a bastard. Bite into that word. Chew it up. Suck all the honey that you may find in it. Bastard! Well, what of it? Is it any fault of hers? Has she not atoned for that reproach a hundred times by her virtues, and more especially her heroic patience. And, at any rate, has she not taken from you all right to throw it up to her? The great world is not so fastidious as you are. At this very day there are bastard princes sporting their purple in the open light of day. They are recognized; they are admitted into the highest society. And why not, provided they themselves behave well and by their virtues repair the accident of their birth? The Norman William gave as a dowry to the memory of his de-flowered mother the fair island of the Britons. Don Juan of Austria dashed the bar sinister from his escutcheon and replaced it with the morning star of Lepanto."

"Bravo, Carey!" exclaimed Bonair, stopping short in his excited walk. "Your voice has the ring of a conqueror. You have driven me in disgrace from post to pillar. You have forced me into my last entrenchment. You have taken every word out of my mouth except one. But that word resumes all. It is like a hand grenade. It contains within itself what will destroy all your fine ethical theories at a brush. That word has been before me since this morning. I have sat down to write and it has continually oozed from the point of my pen. I have written it in large letters, in small letters. I have spelled it. I have analyzed it. I have laughed at it, been afraid of it, cursed it. I have tried to get rid of it, but in vain. It is one of those terrible words which make an epoch. There is no answering it. It is a withering enthymeme. It consists of both premise and conclusion; premise clear as fire, conclusion irresistible as fate. With that one word ringing in my ears, I could never, never marry Gaisso."

I fancied Bonair was raving.

"Well," said I coolly; "I am waiting for that word. It is not, I hope one of those cabalistic terms which it is death to utter."

Bonair stopped directly in front of me and in a deep sepulchral voice pronounced—

"Miscogeneration!"

"What a barbarous word," I exclaimed. "I never heard it before."

"It is new. It has just been forged. It has not yet got into print that I know of; but when it does it will stir the nation to its centre. It will serve to precipitate a crisis between the South and North."

"I have now sounded that word, Bonair. I understand it. Like all catch-words, it means nothing and it means a great deal, just as your prejudice takes it. But it has no terrors for me. The man who can trace the etymology of a fancy word strips it at once of all the colours which ignorance or fanaticism give it. I wonder you do not see through it, Bonair. Why, a mixing of races has been the pith and marrow of our whole discourse. What do I care and what should you care, if, after accepting the fact, the fact itself should be dinned into our ears by a big sounding word—and an awkwardly formed one at that—intended solely to swell the cheeks of the rabble. Let the word go forth; let politicians mouth it at the hustings; let men of science make it the text for prof-and-disquisitions on the radical distinction of races, in defiance of Genesis; let free and independent electors throw it at one another's heads in place of brick-bats, but you, humbly obedient to the instincts of your conscience, gently yielding to the current of your avowed love, take unto your own, for better and for worse, and forever, the best and the fairest octoroon in the Western land."

Bonair burst into tears. He stood before me for several minutes, gazing upon the floor and giving free scope to the pent-up sorrow against which he had so long been struggling. When the worse was over he turned to the table, stretched out his hand to his pistol, raised it, took aim, and before I had time to spring upon his arm, fired.

The ball shivered the window-glass, which rattled to the floor. The whole room was filled with smoke.

"Bonair! I shouted, "what on earth is the meaning of this?"

He smiled grimly, and handed me the heated weapon.

"That is my answer to your arguments and exhortations, Carey. It is the signal-shot of surrender."

(To be continued.)

MARK TWAIN AT THE BARBER'S.

All things change except barbers. The ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. I went to get shaved. The barber shoved up my head and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair with his claws and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again and said it was pretty long for the present style—better have a little taken off; it needed it behind especially. I said I had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked with a disparaging manner who did it. I came back at him promptly with a "You did?" I had him there. Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to get close and examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face thoroughly, and was about to lather the other, when a dog-fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window and stayed and saw it out, losing two shillings on the result in bets with the other barbers, a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, meantime getting the brush into my mouth only twice, and then began to rub in the suds with his hand; and as he now had his head turned, discussing the dog-fight with the other barbers, he naturally shoved considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it; but I did.

He now began to sharpen his razor on an old suspender, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he had figured at the night before, in red cambric and bogus ermine, as some kind of a king. He was so gratified with being so chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten with his charms that he used every means

to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed at the chaffings of his fellows. This matter begot more surveyings of himself in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate "part" behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the meantime the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals.

Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bundling and tumbling my head this way and that as convenience in shaving demanded, and "hawking" and expectorating pleasantly all the while. As long as he was on the tough side of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake, and rip, and tug at my chin, the tears came. I did not mind his getting down so close to me; I did not mind his garlic, because all barbers eat garlic, I suppose; but there was an added something that made me fear he was decaying inwardly while still alive, and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this bit of circumstantial evidence that I discovered that a part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps.

About this time I was amusing myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me this time, but he had got ahead of me, and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had my mind made up. He immediately sharpened his razor—he might have done it before. I do not like a close shave, and would not let him go over me a second time. I tried to get him to put up his razor, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, a place which a razor cannot touch twice without making trouble; but he said he only wanted to smooth off one little roughness, and in that same moment he slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded pimple-signs of a close shave rose up smarting and answered to the call. Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face hastily; slapped it over as if a human being ever yet washed his face in that way. Then he dried it by slapping with the dry part of the towel, as if a human being ever dried his face in such a fashion; but a barber seldom rubs you like a Christian. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place with his towel, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it for evermore, no doubt, had I not rebelled and begged off. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up, and began to plough my hair thoroughly with his hands and examine his fingers critically. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly—very badly. I observed that I shampooed myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. I "had him" again. He next recommended some of "Smith's hair glorifier," and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, "Jones's delight of the toilet," and proposed to sell some of that. I declined again. He tendered a tooth wash atrociously of his own invention, and when I declined, offered to trade knives with me.

He returned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over, legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests against it, rubbed and scrubbed a good deal of it by the roots, and combed and brushed the rest, parting it behind, and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead, and then while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six-ounce black and tan terrier of his, till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel, brushed it lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eyebrows once more, and gaily sung out "Next."

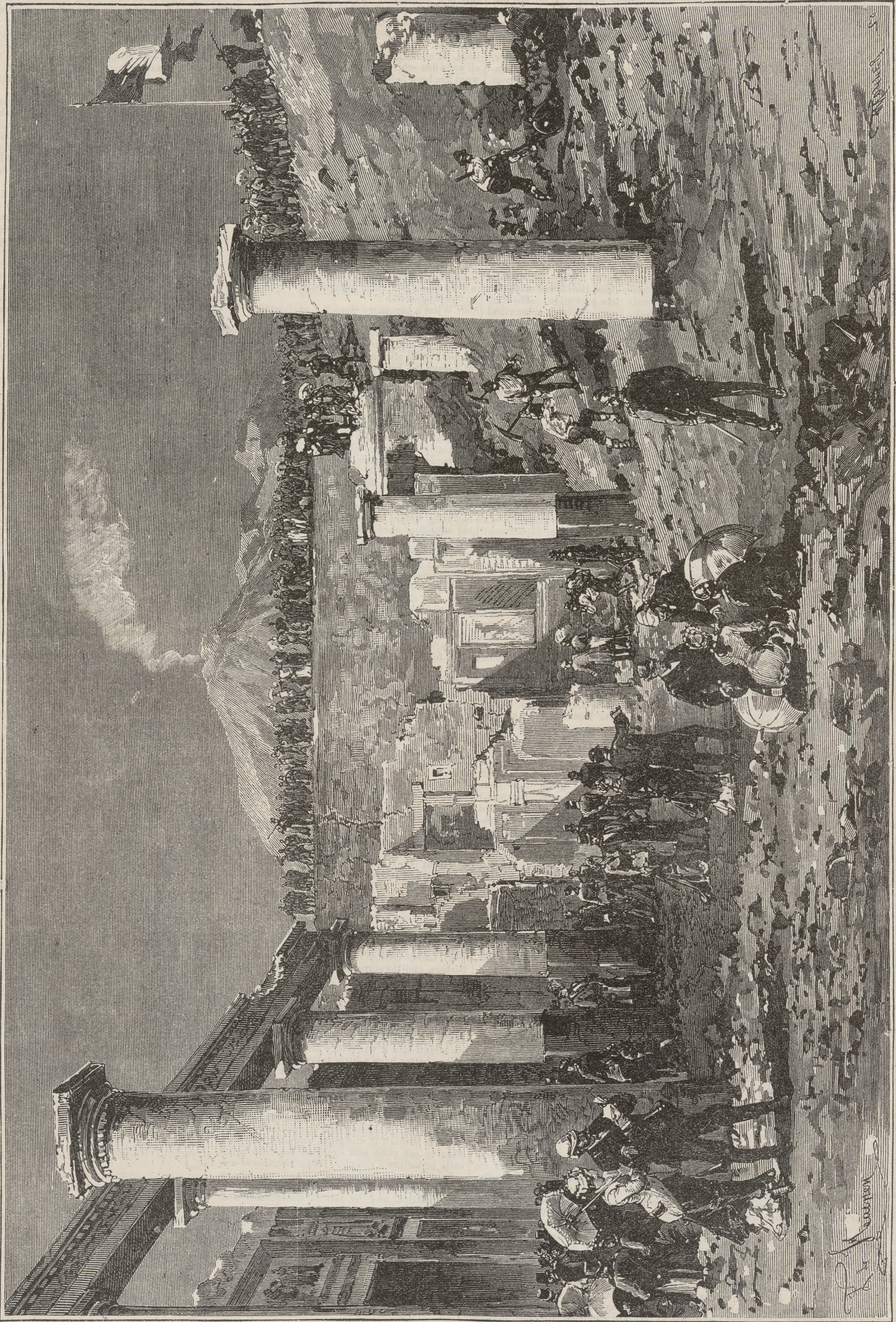
This barber fell down and died of apoplexy two hours later. I am waiting over a day for my revenge—I am going to attend his funeral.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



CELEBRATION OF THE 18TH CENTENARY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII



A COUNTRY WEDDING IN SAXE-ALTENBURG (GERMANY).

SUNDAY AND MANUAL LABOR IN GERMANY.

On these subjects we have of late read several articles in the papers of this Province, and while some points are true, the writers have entirely lost sight of the fact that there are two sides to every picture. Speaking of the usual topic of "Churches," by which many a man tries to impress his hearers with his godly life, one writer says that sometimes six villages together have only one church. It is true that there are no "Cities of Churches" in Germany, but neither are there any three, four, five nor six places, which are villages, where they all go to only one place of worship. There are many little places consisting of but five or six houses, inhabited by poor people with a large family, leading a farm life, if we are allowed to term it as such, though some hardly grow enough on their few acres of land to support themselves, and, therefore, they have to go to a village more capable of supporting a church and minister properly; for it is better to worship harmoniously in such a house of God than to break up a congregation for a trifling matter, build and worship in a church with a mortgage upon it. As to the attendance at church the writer is wrong, for many a church in Germany is far larger than many of those on this continent, and, therefore, what appears to be a slim attendance to our three months traveller in Germany, would, in many a case, fill a whole church here. Just let us look into our churches during the summer months and we will find no reason at all to rake up "Sunday in Germany," for sea-side travellers we see not in Germany, but find the equal of that class at the forenoon church service, and, perhaps, not clad in the highest style of fashion, or for the purpose of finding a suitor for a daughter by attending a church.

Though there is, perhaps, according to many person's idea, only too little outward show of a religious life in Germany, yet we know from fifteen years experience that the Bible is looked upon by many people as a great treasure, and read daily in their homes, and that, too, while their hands are toiling to make lace for our fashionable ladies. Besides, we are glad to say that such associations like the Y. M. C. A. are established many years ago, and are engaged in Christian work under the name of "Juenglings-Verein."

Particularly in the principal mining districts of Germany we find a very good evidence of godly life, which, to our knowledge, is not found in any other part of the world. Let us relate this. Thousands of these miners can be seen going to their various mines at 4 o'clock a.m., there they meet in hundreds in large halls, where, at precisely five o'clock a.m., at which hour the church bell ceases to toll, the door is locked and the men are seated at long tables, at the head of which presides the chief officer, with his assistants at his right and left. No intruder interrupts the solemnity, and a hymn, chosen by the head officer, is sung by all present, then a prayer follows, after which the roll is called, the orders given, and the men depart with the solemn salute "Glueck Auf," to seek in the depth of the earth, for the very treasure which makes men so frequently forget the station they come from, and look down upon their fellow-men. Where is on this continent a single industry followed likewise?

As to Sunday desecration it is only too true that this state of things is in some measure unsatisfactory, yet, why blame all Germans, when most of the higher classes abhor any noise, dancing on Sunday and such like? Still, let us look at a miners life, a man who frequently does not see daylight for six days, who leaves his wife and children in the early morning to follow his, by no means enviable occupation, and it is not a rare occurrence that a kind, honest and upright husband and father is brought home cold in death. Sunday comes, he goes to church in the forenoon and goes out in the afternoon to some place for recreation, not selfish, but he takes his wife and children along, while many of our men leave their wives at home to toil, which is often called play with the children! Can we then blame that man, whose occupation of life has the tendency to incessant danger and melancholy, when he tries to disperse dark clouds by such a recreation on the Lord's Day? but which is, we grant, recreation in a somewhat wrong direction.

Perhaps some will say, let him sit down and read a book of some consoling sermon very attentively and no trouble will be on his mind after. Let that very man take the place of that miner, follow his occupation, carry strictly out the new doctrine, and let him come and tell us after a year's trial what he thinks of this gloomy monotony of life and about being shut out of the world, not having attended a theatre, concert, club, deprived of his "Half and Half," a "Soda with a stick in," "An eye opener," his favorite "Night Cap," and his "Billiards," all of which formed a vital part of his life and filled his leisure hours.

Supposing we were to take all our prisoners, even those from the common jail, and make them clean the streets, particularly before their relations and friends door, as is done in Germany, and thus take away a great expense to our cities, while our jails and penitentiaries would not be filled to their utmost capacity, our day laborers would try to create a revolution. And so it is with a new Sunday law and such Germans who cannot at all enjoy themselves during the week. We are certainly in favor of stamping out anything which may be injurious to society, but let no man be deprived of recrea-

tion, which is the very essence in the discharge of his duties!

There are means and ways by which many a course of habit can be changed, if made use of judiciously, but if one wants to force a navigation among rocks, then let him take the consequences. Measures such as adopted by the government in the Socialist question will certainly not have the tendency of respecting a new Sunday law in Germany, but will make matters worse.

Manual labor performed by women is another subject commented upon by a writer who either knows nothing about it, or writes nonsense to fill up a paper.

Any common sense man will acknowledge that the Germans on the whole are industrious people, and why some people attribute the employment of women to the laziness of men, goes beyond our comprehension.

Why is this employment of women? Simply because the military system, which spoils many a young man's career, calls frequently the father and sons, or the only support of a widowed mother, for many months every year regularly away from home and the family is not in good enough circumstances to warrant the employment of help. Therefore, the girls, or ladies as we style them here mostly, perform such duties as they can, and try to help to support the family by uninterrupted diligence.

This, perhaps, seems rather strange to many of our readers and a little out of place, but it is decidedly better to help the parents on than to live an idle and so called stylish life, break down the sorrowing business man and make the creditors pay for it.

Any one a little familiar with history knows that Germany was involved in three bloody wars during the past fifteen years, the last of which, however glorious, cost many a father's and son's life, who had to leave their homes in spite of straightened circumstances and leave their families to the care of their Creator and their older daughters. Any man knows that a war crowned with victory may enrich the people as a nation, while it brings poverty to nearly every one who contributes either human lives to gain "laurels for the country," or suffers from stagnation of trade, the direct result of war by disagreeing sovereigns. And such being the case in Germany, where, for several years, men were sometimes scarce, and those who hired themselves out as helps asked and insisted upon such wages which many could not afford to pay; thus manual labor performed by women grew to be an absolute necessity, and no Christian can object to the women who work to keep the little they have left and gain their subsistence.

To judge a nation requires more than a few months travelling, especially where a different tongue with dozens of dialects are spoken like in Germany.

Have you, who are always ready to talk of "Sunday and Manual Labor in Germany," ever felt the want of a father or brother who went to the battlefield and perhaps returned no more? We presume not, or you would cherish a kinder thought of your fellow-men; and if you have, perhaps you owe all your rearing to your sister, who was taught by your parents to be industrious since her early life, otherwise you might have got into bad company and stained the name of your family.

That the army rules caused all this women trouble is no doubt to a great extent true, though not a reason why there should not at least be a little change. Let us hope for the better.

With all the faults which are found in the German nation, few drunkards are seen to disgrace the streets or adorn the prisons; scandals in high life, such as our newspapers have often to record, are little or not at all known. No boys who light their cigars, pipes and chew tobacco at the tender age of five years are there. Elopements of so-called high born ladies with coachmen and such like, are almost impossibilities to their minds, and we hope we will soon be able to say that of ourselves in our otherwise beautiful country.

In conclusion we beg of you who are always straying away and ready to talk of Sunday desecration by others, to try to see your own faults, and if you are as pure as you like others to be, then exercise the Christian spirit which always looks at both sides of the picture, reasoning and reflecting at the same time, and not ridicule and condemn those who cannot always have the same opinion which you may see fit to entertain.

E. W. B.

Montreal, Nov. 10.

LITERARY.

ARTHUR GILMAN, the Chaucer scholar, is about to publish a work called "Shakespeare's Morals," in which he will aim to show by parallel passages that the poet's indebtedness to the Bible was large. A chapter on the genius of Shakespeare will be added. The book is promised for November.

A "Dictionary of Hymnology," a companion to existing hymn books, by the Rev. John Julian, will shortly appear in England. The work is intended to show the origin and history of the hymns contained in the present hymnals used by the Church of England, Scotland and Ireland, and various dissenting bodies.

TENNYSON'S "Harold" has found a German translator in Count Albrecht von Wichenburg, who will publish his translation this autumn at Hamburg. Longfellow has long been a popular poet in Germany, where his works are eagerly translated and read. "The Golden Legend" will shortly be added to the number of those translations. The translator is the Baroness Hohenhausen.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters, &c., to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 246.

W. A., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 246, also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 243. The other matter shall be attended to.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 248, also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 245.

The determination on the part of some of the chess-players of Ontario to have a Chess Association of their own, and, in this way, to set aside, as far as they are concerned, the present Canadian Association, is no more than we expected.

The move, no doubt, has been hastened by circumstances connected with the late meeting at Ottawa, but these are not the only reasons. The fact is that when the Association was established in 1872, too much was attempted. It was thought possible to unite in chess interest, by an Association, players living in cities which were too far apart for that unity of action upon which must depend, to a great extent, success and permanency. In the programme, issued in 1872, we see the names of the following cities mentioned as being represented by players holding positions as officers of the Association: Hamilton, Ont.; Halifax, N.S.; St. John, N.B.; and Seaford, Ont.

We feel sure that the extension of the management of the affairs of the Association over so large an area has been the chief cause of the troubles which are at present jeopardizing its existence, and under the existing circumstances we see no remedy. From this has naturally resulted that local influence at each annual meeting which has in several cases regulated the proceedings of the Association at its next Congress, and which this year seems to have led to the present idea of separation on the part of the Ontario players.

We would be glad to see flourishing in the Dominion an Association which would gather together in one body chess-players from Nova Scotia, on the one hand, and from Manitoba on the other; but the time has not yet arrived for that, and, in order to lessen the chances of dispute among Canadian players, we are inclined to think that the plan which is suggested by our Ontario friends is a good one, and that each Province might have an Association of its own, to which the undivided attention of its players might be devoted.

As illustrating one of the defects of our present Association, we would invite any one to look over the names of the officers appointed at any of the previous meetings, and, considering the localities to which they respectively belong, to ask himself the question, how often these persons, upon whom the management of its affairs depend, would be able to meet together during the year in order to arrange matters for a successful annual gathering?

Our chess-players are yet but a small body. Almost everyone here in Canada is busily engaged in matters having reference to the material interests of a new country, and there are very few who have acquired the means, or the leisure, to become enthusiasts in chess, or any other similar pursuit. In other countries it may be different. Therefore, instead of looking upon the determination of our brother chess-players in Ontario to have an independent Association as an evil, it may ultimately turn out to be quite the contrary.

If we multiply our Associations they will individually be more carefully looked after, and will eventually give rise to that emulation, both as regards management and advancement in skill, which must be beneficial in the long run.

We hope to be able to return to this subject again soon.

We have been requested to publish in our Column the following programme. The mode of awarding the prizes is an unusual one, but, as the competitors are to be the judges, we imagine that there will be no dissatisfaction:

PROGRAMME OF AYR ARGUS CHESS PROBLEM TOURNEY.

I. The competition will be open to all problem composers.

II. Each competitor must post to "The Chess Editor, Argus and Express, Ayr, Scotland," on or before 15th January, 1880, a sealed envelope containing—

1. One or two original problems in two or three moves—either two two-movers or two three-movers, or one of each—with full solutions.

2. The name and address of the competitor.

3. One shilling and sixpence of entry-money.

III. As soon as possible after the 1st of February, 1880, the competing problems will be printed and sent to the competitors in the form of a book.

IV. The prizes will be awarded by the votes of the competitors, each having one vote for the best two-mover and one vote for the best three-mover. For the purpose of voting, dated voting papers will be sent along with the book of the problems; and two months after the date of such voting papers, those that are returned shall be opened and the prizes awarded to the problems in two and three moves having the greatest number of votes. No competitor can vote for his own problems.

V. The prizes will be two silver medals—the one for the best problem in two moves, and the other for the best problem in three moves.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Won. | Won. | Dr.
America.....27 | Great Britain.....24 | 7

We are glad to find that the pending games in the International Postcard Tourney are to be played out. This is far more satisfactory than having them adjudicated, though it will, of course, indefinitely delay the result.—*Chessplayer's Chronicle*.

The longest game of chess on record was played lately between Messrs. Bird and Potter, England. It reached the extraordinary length of 143 moves on each side, Mr. Bird winning, and thereby securing a prize in the handicapped at the London Chess Club. In point of duration the longest game was one in fifty moves by correspondence, won in 1875 by Mr. F. E. Brenzinger, of New York, from Dr. Brenzinger, of Baden. It lasted sixteen years.—*Hartford Times*.

All the games of the Mason-Potter match have shown a fixed determination on the part of the players not to lose. *Croydon Guardian*. And more than one showed a fixed determination on the part of the players not to win.—*Hartford Times*. The whole match showed their fixed determination to teach the world that the highest proficiency in chess is, that which simply wiggles the pieces without playing at all. It was the worst case of "futile dalliance" in the history of the game.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

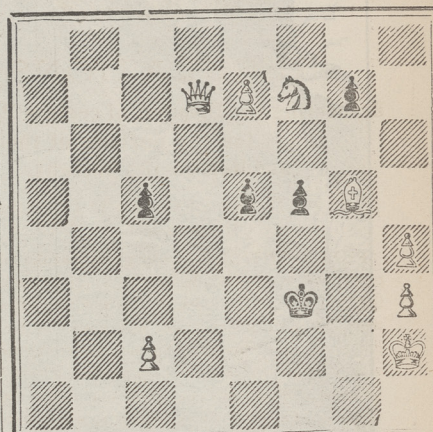
Mr. J. N. Babson, of Boston, U. S., visited the Montreal Chess Club on Friday evening last. Mr. B. was for

several years Chess Editor of one of the Boston journals, and is well known as one of the best problem composers of the United States. His stay in Montreal will be but brief.

PROBLEM No. 250.

By W. Atkinson, Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 376TH.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Eleventh game in the match between Messrs. Barnes and Delmar.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. B.)

1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4
3. Kt to Q B 3
4. P to Q R 3
5. P to K 3
6. Kt to K B 3
7. P to Q Kt 3
8. B to Q 3
9. B to Q Kt 2
10. Q to Q B 2
11. B takes Kt
12. Q to K 2 (a)
13. Castles K R
14. Q R to Q B
15. K R to K sq
16. P to K 4
17. B takes Q P
18. B to B 3
19. P to K Kt 3
20. Kt to Q 2
21. P to K B 3
22. B takes B
23. R to Q Kt sq
24. Q to Q sq
25. P to K B 4
26. B to K 3
27. B takes Kt
28. B P takes P

BLACK.—(Mr. D.)

1. P to K B 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to K 3
4. P to Q Kt 3
5. B to Q Kt 2
6. B to K 2
7. Castles
8. Kt to K 5
9. B to K B 3
10. Kt takes Kt
11. P to Q 3
12. Kt to Q 2
13. P to Q B 4
14. R to K sq
15. Kt to K B sq
16. Q B P takes P
17. P to K 4
18. Kt to K B 3 (b)
19. Kt to Q B 4
20. B to K Kt 4
21. B takes Kt
22. Kt takes Q Kt P
23. Kt to Q 5
24. R to K B sq (c)
25. Q to Q B 2
26. P takes K P
27. P takes K B
28. Q to Q B 3

and White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 strikes us as being a good move here.
(b) The Kt now comes into play with great effect, and it seems impossible for White to avoid loss of some kind.
(c) This is very well calculated, and brings about an interesting termination.

—From Turf, Field and Farm.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 248.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q Kt 6
2. Mates accordingly

BLACK.

1. Any move

WHITE.

1. Q to Q sq
2. Q to Q 2
3. Kt to K B 5, double ch and mate.

BLACK.

1. B moves (best)
2. Q checks.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 247.

WHITE.

- Kt at Q R 3
- Kt at Q R 8
- Pawns at Q B 5 and Q Kt 2

BLACK.

- Kt at Q R 4
- Pawn at Q R 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address: BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N.Y.



TENDERS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. 60 FEET SPAN BRIDGE.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before MONDAY, the 17th INSTANT, for furnishing and erecting a Single Sixty (60) Feet Span Iron Bridge over Rat River on the Pembina Branch.

Specifications and other particulars will be immediately supplied on a telegram being sent to the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, November 4th, 1879.

\$55.66 Agents Profit per Week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. 84 Outfit free. Montreal Novelty Co., Montreal, P. Q.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.



REGULATIONS Respecting the Disposal of certain Public Lands for the purpose of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, Oct. 14, 1879.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the following provisions, which shall be held to apply to the lands in the Province of Manitoba, and in the territories to the west and north-west thereof, are substituted for the regulations, dated the 9th July last, governing the mode of disposing of the Public Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which said Regulations are hereby superseded:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these provisions, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:—

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called Belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt A, to be called Belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt B, to be called Belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt C, to be called Belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt D, to be called Belt E.

3. "The even-numbered sections in each township throughout the several belts above described shall be open for entry as homesteads and pre-emptions of 160 acres each respectively.

4. "The odd-numbered sections in each of such townships shall not be open to homestead or pre-emption, but shall be specially reserved and designated as Railway Lands.

5. "The Railway Lands within the several belts shall be sold at the following rates, viz:—In Belt A, \$5 (five dollars) per acre; in Belt B, \$4 (four dollars) per acre; in Belt C, \$3 (three dollars) per acre; in Belt D, \$2 (two dollars) per acre; in Belt E, \$1 (one dollar) per acre; and the terms of sale of such lands shall be as follows:—One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

6. "The Pre-emption Lands within the several belts shall be sold for the prices and on the terms respectively as follows:—In the Belts A, B and C, at \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; and in Belt E, at \$1 (one dollar) per acre. The terms of payment to be four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

7. "All payments for Railway Lands, and also for Pre-emption Lands, within the several Belts, shall be in cash, and not in scrip, or military or police bounty warrants.

8. "All moneys received in payment of Pre-emption Lands shall insure to and form part of the fund for railway purposes, in a similar manner to the moneys received in payment of Railway Lands.

9. "These provisions shall be retroactive so far as relates to any and all entries of Homestead and Pre-emption Lands, or sales of Railway Lands obtained or made under Regulations of the 9th of July, hereby superseded; any payments made in excess of the rate hereby fixed shall be credited on account of sales of such lands.

10. "The Order-in-Council of the 9th November, 1877, relating to the settlement of the lands in Manitoba which had been previously withdrawn for Railway purposes having been cancelled, all claims of persons who settled in good faith on lands under the said Order-in-Council shall be dealt with under these provisions, as to price of Pre-emptions, according to the belt in which such lands may be situate. Where a person may have taken up two quarter-sections under the said Order-in-Council, he may retain the quarter section upon which he has settled, as a Homestead, and the other quarter section as a Pre-emption, under these provisions, irrespective of whether such Homestead and Pre-emption, may be found to be upon an even-numbered section or otherwise. Any moneys paid by such person on account of the lands entered by him under the said Order-in-Council, will be credited to him on account of his Pre-emption purchase, under these provisions. A person who may have taken up one quarter-section under the Order-in-Council mentioned will be allowed to retain the same as a Homestead, and will be permitted to enter a second quarter-section as a Pre-emption, the money paid on account of the land previously entered to be credited to him on account of such Pre-emption.

11. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

a "In case of the railway crossing land entered as a Homestead, the right of way thereon, and also any land which may be required for station purposes, shall be free to the Government.

b "When the railway crosses Pre-emptions or Railway Lands, entered subsequent to the date hereof, the Government may take possession of such portion thereof as may be required for right of way or for station ground or ballast pits, and the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land so taken, at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

c "In case, on the final location of the railway through lands unsurveyed, or surveyed but not entered for at the time, a person is found in occupation of land which it may be desirable in the public interest to retain, the Government reserves the right to take possession of such land, paying the squatter the value of any improvements he may have made thereon.

12. "Claims to Public Lands arising from settlement after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situate, subject to the operation of subsection c of section 11 of these provisions.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with these provisions, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated, subject, as above, to the operation of subsection c of section 11 of these provisions.

14. "With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses, renewable yearly, under section 52 of the *Dominion Lands Act*, 1879, to cut merchantable timber on any lands situated within the several belts above described, and any settlement upon, or sale of lands within, the territory by such licenses, shall for the time being be subject to the operation of such licenses.

15. "The above provisions, it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson Bay Company's lands.

Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories.

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

JUST PUBLISHED
CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC
GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS.,
179 Bonaventure street, Montreal
26-52-373



Canadian Pacific Railway. Tenders for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz: Emory's Bar to Boston Bar.....29 miles Boston Bar to Lytton.....29 miles Lytton to Junction Flat.....28 miles Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry.....40 miles Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway Office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. TRADE MARK. It promptly and radically cures any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Sold in Montreal by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and everywhere in Canada and United States.



Intercolonial Railway. RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for Cars," will be received at this office up to noon of TUESDAY, the 25th instant, for the supply of—

Four Snow Ploughs,
Three Flangers,
Three Wing Ploughs,
Two First Class Cars,
Two Second Class Cars,
Two Smoking and Postal Cars,
Two Baggage Cars.

Plans, specifications and forms of tender can be had at the Mechanical Superintendent's office at Moncton.

The Department not bound to accept the lowest or any of the tenders.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879.



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, the 14th DAY of NOVEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Sections No. 33 and 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut."

Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Welland, on and after TUESDAY the 4th DAY of NOVEMBER next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of three thousand dollars for Section No. 33, and one for four thousand dollars for Section No. 34 must accompany the respective Tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated, in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 28th October 1879.

A Fortune Quickly Made.

Money has been made more rapidly with the last few months in Wall street than at any period since 1873. Immense profits have been realized from small investments. The following affidavit explains itself:

Personally appeared before me, George A. Payne, of 134 West 49th street, New York city, to me known, and, on being duly sworn, says that on an investment of \$25 placed with Thatcher, Belmont & Co., bankers, and by them operated for a period of two weeks, I have returned to me by the said firm \$97.53.

(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York,
City and County of New York, ss.

Sworn before me this 22nd September, 1879.

J. B. NONES, Notary Public,
91 Duane street, N.Y.

Thatcher, Belmont & Co. accept subscribers on their 1 per cent. margin in their concentration of capital, whereby a number of small sums from \$10 upwards, are aggregated and stocks operated. Latest Wall street information sent free upon application to Messrs. Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, P. O. Box 1307, or 48 Broad street, New York.

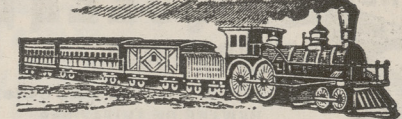
ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER, IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,

15 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

14-6.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co. Hudson, N.Y.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

On and after WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1st, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.25 and 4.45	
Arrive at Hull at.....	1.30 p.m. and 8.50	
Aylmer at.....	2.00 p.m. and 9.20	
Express Trains from Aylmer at.....	8.15 and 3.35	
" " Hull at.....	9.10 and 4.30	
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.20 p.m. and 8.40	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	5.15 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,

Ticket Agents,

Offices 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame Streets.

C. A. SCOTT,

Gen'l Superintendent Western Division.

C. A. STARK,

Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVE TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPER,
IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,

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LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN
THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Established 1865.—13,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial,
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Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial,
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Australia, 1877.

Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial,
Toronto, 1878.

Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition,
Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Hagne of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effects produced by combination of the stops are charming."—For Catalogues, address:

W. BELL & CO.,

41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.

Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVI-

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after

Monday, the First Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 17th October, 1879.

A NELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, and 54 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

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LAUNDRY BAR.
Ask for it, and take no other.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Trade Mark.

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1879.

JOB C. THOMPSON & CO.,

FASHIONABLE
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
Montreal.

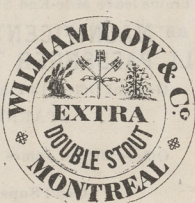
NEW FALL STYLES HATS just received.

A Superior stock of SEAL SACQUES and FURS of
all kinds recently manufactured.

Prices moderate.

Terms Cash.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALTSTERS
MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt.
India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single
Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly ex-
ecuted. Families supplied. 18-6-52-282

MONEY WELL SPENT. COMPLETE CASES DRAWING IN
STRUMENTS: \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50
\$4, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10.

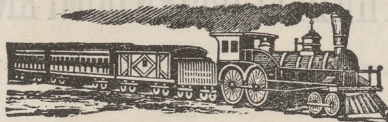
BEST VALUE FOR EDUCATIONAL,
PURPOSES IN THE DOMINION.**HEARN & HARRISON,**

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Large Stock of Magic Lantern Exhibitions. Catalogues free.



Best Materials! Reasonable Prices!!
Call and leave your orders.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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249 St. James St., Montreal.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
Commencing 14th July, 1879.

THROUGH EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run
DAILY (except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	7.30 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	1.15 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....)	2.25 "
" Rimouski.....	3.44 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	8.05 "
" Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
" Bathurst.....	10.12 "
" Newcastle.....	11.40 "
" Moncton.....	2.00 A.M.
" St. John.....	6.00 "
" Halifax.....	10.35 "

These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand
Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m., and
at Campbellton with the Steamer City of St. John, sail-
ing Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Gaspé,
Perce, Paspébiac, &c. &c.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their
destination on Sunday.

The Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday runs through to Halifax, and that leav-
ing on Tuesday and Thursday to St. John.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS may now be
obtained via rail and steamer to the unrivalled Sea
Bathing, Boating and Fishing resorts on the Lower
St. Lawrence, Metapédia, Restigouche, Bay Chaleur,
Gaspé, Prince Edward Island and the Maritime Provinces.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets,
rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON, Agent,
120 St. François Xavier Street.
(Old Post Office Building.)
Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Gray's
SYRUP of RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



COMPETITION.

First Small Boy. WE'VE GOT A NICER DINNER THAN YOU. WE'VE GOT
A GUINEA-HEN, YAH!

Second Small Boy. AND WE'VE GOT A GUINEA-PIG. YAH!

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is
the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful
and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach."
"Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe
under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be
derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years.
Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



**EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

**FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING**

**STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.**

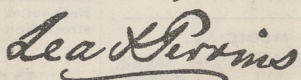
"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel
grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."
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Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale
only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with
fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-
ture in Blue Ink across Label.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins
have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,
thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.
Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London,
&c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

WHISKERS or a luxuriant Moustache can be
grown in a few days. Safe and
sure. Send address and 50c. to J. SEARS & CO.,
Wyoming Ohio, U.S. Stamps taken.

60 Perfumed Cards—Motto, Lilly, Floral, Rose Bud—
with name and case, 10 cts. ETNA CARD CO.,
Clintonville, Ct.

YOUR name on One Card Case and 50 all Chromos
Glass and Floral Cards, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c.
GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

50 chromo, floral, glass, &c. Cards in case, name on
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60 CHROMO, MOTTO, Gilt-Edge & Lilly cards, with
name, 10c. Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

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Parties about furnishing will find a LARGE and
VARIED ASSORTMENT at

SAMO'S,

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FLUID BEEF is
being adopted in
the BRITISH,
French, U. S.,
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Naval, Military
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pitals. It is pre-
scribed by the
Queen's physi-
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medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only
essence known which contains all the nutritive consti-
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troduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c.,
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CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved
10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case
name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c.

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\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free.
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Estimates furnished free upon application.

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

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We Buy, Sell and Carry all active stocks 10, 25, 100
shares and upwards on margin 1 to 5 per cent. Customers by
our system control their profits. Stock Privileges
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MANUFACTURED BY THE NEW YORK HEALTH FOOD CO

These are perfect assimilative FOODS, for the Preserva-
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AMONG the list will be found PEARLED WHEAT,
PEARLED OATS, PEARLED CORN, GRANULATED WHEAT,
BARLEY and OATS, BRAIN FOOD, WHITE WHEAT
GLUTEN, UNIVERSAL FOOD; also CEREAL COFFEE,
which is a perfect food beverage. Hosts of testimonials
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Agents wanted in all large Cities and Towns.

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Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

PEA SOUP!

SYMINGTON'S

Prepared Pea Soup

Made from the Celebrated Pea Flour, to which
is added

LEIBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.

Made in one minute, without boiling.
Sold everywhere in 25c. tins. Wholesale by

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in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with
skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on
investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full ex-
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